

T-MAN

WORLD WIDE TROUBLE-SHOOTER

ICD
7

JULY No. 6

10c

A QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

"I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES...
WAS THE SEARCH FOR THE
ARCH FUGITIVE OVER AT LAST?"

READ-

**THE MAN WHO
COULD BE HITLER**





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T-MAN

in
**THE MAN WHO COULD
BE HITLER!**



IF YOU EVER FIND ME IN A MUSEUM, CHANCES ARE I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE BUTTERFLY COLLECTION! I GOT MY FILL OF MUMMIES AND MURDER ON A SPINE-CHILLING ASSIGNMENT THAT NEARLY BURIED ME NEXT TO ONE OF KING TUT'S RELATIVES... AND BROUGHT ME FACE TO FACE WITH THE MOST HOMICIDAL RUNT WHO EVER DREW BREATH! DON'T ASK ME WHO HE WAS! I'VE GOT HIM DOWN IN MY CASE BOOK AS THE MAN WHO COULD BE HITLER!

IF THE CHIEF HADN'T LEFT THE DOOR OPEN IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT OFFICE, HE WOULDN'T HAVE CAUGHT THAT DRAFT! AND MAYBE I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN VISITING HIM ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT!

BLASTED DOCTOR! IN MY DAY, WHEN A MAN CAUGHT COLD, HE CAUGHT COLD, PERIOD! NOWADAYS, THEY TREAT HIM LIKE AN INVALID!

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT THAT PHONE OFF THE HOOK, CHIEF?



A MINUTE LATER, HE PUT THE PHONE DOWN ... AND HIS EXPRESSION WAS GRIM!

PROFESSOR SANDWEG ... OLD FRIEND OF MINE! HE'S THE EGYPTOLOGY EXPERT AT CITY MUSEUM!

SEEMS TO ME I READ SOMETHING ABOUT HIM LATELY! DIDN'T HE REPORT EVIDENCES OF HABITATION IN ONE OF THE LESSER-KNOWN PYRAMIDS NEAR CAIRO?



THAT'S RIGHT, PETE! THE RIOTS IN EGYPT MADE IT UNHEALTHY TO STAY LONGER, BUT HE PLANNED TO GO BACK WITH A NEW EXPEDITION TO INVESTIGATE!

MAYBE HE'S DISCOVERED A LOST CIVILIZATION!



HE'S DISCOVERED TROUBLE, PETE! HE SOUNDED WORRIED... SAID HE COULDN'T TELL ME MUCH OVER THE PHONE, BUT HE'S GOT TO SEE ME AT ONCE!

WELL, THAT'S OUT! I'LL PINCH-HIT FOR YOU, BUT YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM THE DOC, REMEMBER?



HE'S AT THE MUSEUM NOW! I HATE TO LET OLD SANDWEG DOWN, PETE! WHAT I WOULDN'T DO TO TRADE PLACES WITH YOU, PETE!

AND WHAT I WOULDN'T DO TO TRADE PLACES WITH YOU! MM... ALL THIS AND PENICILLIN, TOO



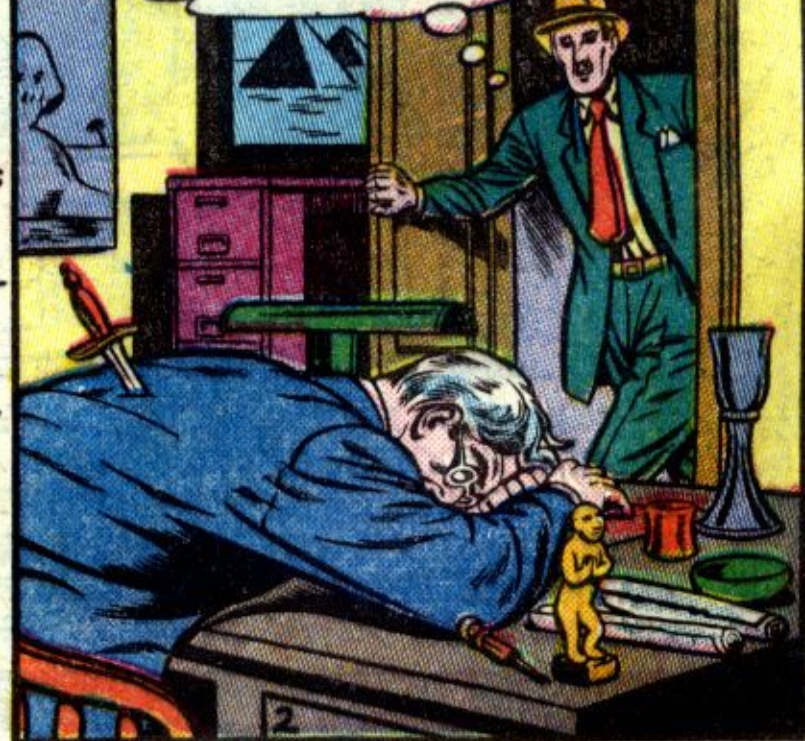
A MUSEUM AT TEN P.M. ISN'T A CHEERFUL PLACE, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU WALK IN AND FIND ...

SOMEBODY'S SLUGGED THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! I WONDER IF THE PROFESSOR IS...



SOMEHOW I KNEW BEFORE I ENTERED THE PROFESSOR'S OFFICE WHAT I'D FIND! SOMEBODY HAD MADE CERTAIN THAT SANDWEG WOULDN'T REVEAL WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND!

CAESAR'S GHOST! I'M TOO LATE!





I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY DIDN'T KILL YOU! THEY MADE THREE ATTEMPTS ON MY FATHER'S LIFE BEFORE... BEFORE THEY GOT HIM!

WHO ARE "THEY"? AND WHY DID THEY KILL HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'M TO BLAME! I THOUGHT RELEASING THE NEWS ABOUT THAT INHABITED PYRAMID WOULD STIR UP INTEREST... HELP US GET FINANCING FOR THE NEXT EXPEDITION! I... SHOULD HAVE KEPT IT A SECRET, THE WAY DAD WANTED IT!

I DIDN'T GET THE CONNECTION, BUT THE CHIEF LOST NO TIME IN TURNING ME LOOSE ON THE CASE!

SANDWEG WAS MY FRIEND, BUT HE WOULDN'T HAVE ASKED FOR MY HELP IF HIS DISCOVERY DIDN'T HAVE NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE! PETE, YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HE KNEW AND WHY HE WAS KILLED!

And FOUR HOURS LATER, WITH ROLPH SANDWEG AS MY GUIDE, I WAS HEADED FOR CAIRO!

I HOPE WE CAN RETRACE YOUR FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS WITHOUT INTERFERENCE! EGYPT ISN'T A HEALTHY PLACE FOR AMERICANS OR THE BRITISH THESE DAYS!

IT'LL BE AN UNHEALTHIER PLACE FOR WHOEVER ENGINEERED DAD'S MURDER!

WE WERE IN CAIRO BY MORNING, AND SEVEN HOURS LATER OUR JEEP WAS THUNDERING TOWARD THE ALL BUT UNKNOWN PYRAMID OF EL AMIR!

DAD CAME OUT HERE ALONE ONE MORNING! HE SWORE HE'D SEEN FIGURES WALKING ALONG THOSE LEDGES!

MAYBE HE SAW SMOKE, TOO! LOOK!

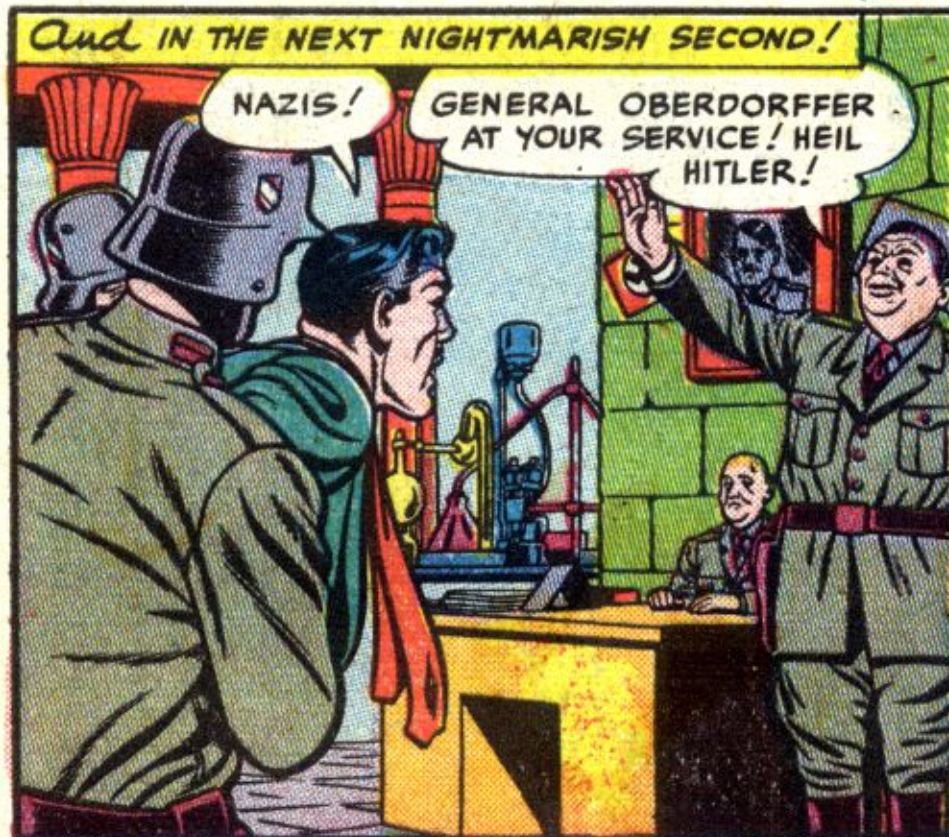
KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING AND DON'T TAKE YOUR HAND OFF YOUR GUN! IF I'M NOT BACK IN THIRTY MINUTES, BURN THE SAND FOR CAIRO AND GET HELP!

WATCH YOUR STEP, PETE! ANYBODY HIDING IN THOSE CATACOMBS IS OUT FOR NO GOOD!

NOW IF I CAN JUST MAKE MY KNEES UNDERSTAND THAT THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



There's AN INDESCRIBABLY EERIE FEELING THAT HAUNTS PLACES LIKE THAT! I FELT LIKE A MAN RETURNING TO SOME ANCIENT CIVILIZATION, AND THE DARK SMELL OF DEATH AND DANGER CLOSED AROUND ME AS I ENTERED THE TOMB!



DESPITE DER TEMPORARY VICTORY OF DER INFERIOR RACES, VE CONTINUE OUR VORK! MITT DER COOPERATION OF EGYPTIAN SYMPATHIZERS, VE PREPARE VUNCE AGAIN TO RESTORE TO POWER OUR GREAT LEADER!

HEIL HITLER!

SO A FEW OF YOU ESCAPED FROM GERMANY! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA OF WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO FIGHT AGAINST?

MITT DER GERM VARFARE OUR BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS DEVELOP HERE, VE VILL HAFF NO DIFFICULTY IN BRINGING DER VEAKENED ALLIES TO THEIR KNEES!

CONCENTRATES ZUCH AS YOU OBSERVE HERE, IN DER HANDS OF OUR AGENTS VILL REACH DER VATER SUPPLY OF EVERY CITY VE VISH TO DESTROY!

BUT THE ALLIES ARE STRONGER THAN EVER! HAVEN'T YOU POWER - CRAZY VIPERS LEARNED YOUR LESSON?

SILENCE, SCHWEINHUND! HOW POWERFUL DER ALLIES ARE, PERHAPS VE SHALL LEARN FROM YOU!

OUR AGENTS REPORT HERR TRASK ISS MITT DER AMERIKAN GOVERNMENT AGENCY! HE VILL HAFF MUCH TO REPORT, GENERAL!

YOU SCUM! I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TIME IN A WATCH FACTORY!

VE HAFF VAYS TO MAKE YOU TALK, AMERIKAN DOG!

There WAS SOME-THING NAUSEATINGLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THE LITTLE RUNT'S SHRILL, HYSTERICAL VOICE! AND THAT PASTY FACE HAD HAUNTED ME IN SOME OTHER NIGHT-MARE!

I DON'T HAVE ANY ILLUSIONS ABOUT LEAVING THIS TOMB ALIVE! BUT YOU WON'T LEARN ANYTHING FROM ME BEFORE I CASH MY CHECKS!

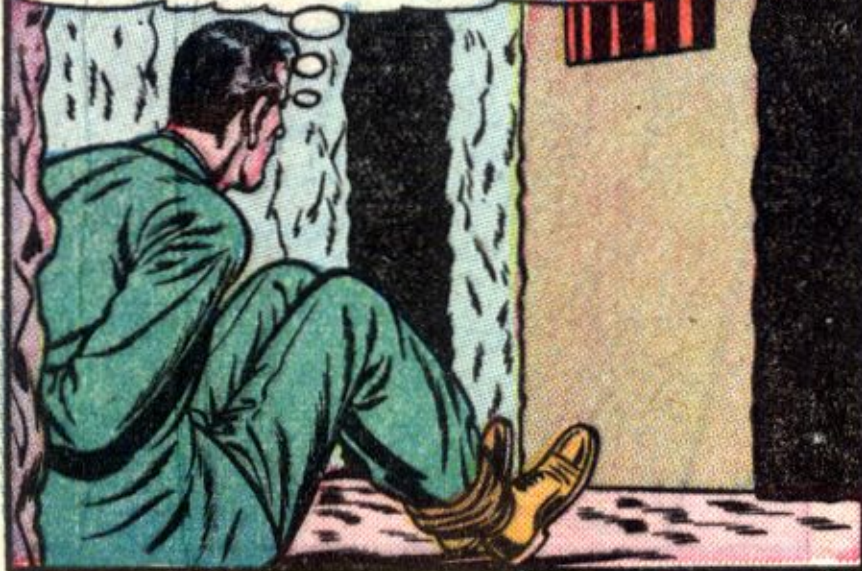
SO? YOU DIE, JA? BUT VE PERMIT YOU TO CHOOSE VEDDER YOU DIE QUICKLY... OR... DER ODDER VAY!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT GUFF! IF I DON'T REPORT BACK TO CAIRO TONIGHT, THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WILL...

VE HAFF ALREADY ARRANGED FOR SOMEONE TO REPORT FOR YOU, HERR TRASK! UND DER GUARD YOU POSTED OUTSIDE VILL NOT BRING HELP! HE ISS, AS YOU SEE, AS HELPLESS AS YOU! TAKE THEM AWAY, OBERLIEUTENANT!

I WOUND UP IN A MUSTY CELL, TRUSSED UP LIKE A TURKEY, WAITING FOR THEIR NEXT MOVE!

IF MY FEET WEREN'T TIED, I'D KICK MYSELF FOR LETTING THOSE GORILLAS GET THE DROP ON ME! THESE SHARP ROCKS AREN'T MY IDEA OF A BEAUTY REST!



SHARP ROCKS! IF THOSE HEEL-CLICKING MONKEYS LEAVE ME ALONE LONG ENOUGH, I CAN WEAR OFF THESE ROPES!



It WORKED! I KEPT THE ROPES DRAPED AROUND MY ARMS AND LEGS AND WAITED! IT SEEMED LIKE A CENTURY BEFORE I GOT MY CHANCE FOR ACTION!



GENERAL OBERDORFFER VISHES ME TO PAY HIS RESPECTS!

UGH!

MY RESPECTS TO THE GENERAL!

HIMMEL! VOT ISS..?



AND HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU, HANDSOME!

AIIIII!



THIS ARTILLERY WILL HELP! NOW ALL I WANT IS A CRACK AT THE REST OF THEM!



OH-OH! THE BOYS MUST BE OUT TO LUNCH! HERE'S WHERE I REARRANGE THE OFFICE A LITTLE!



DOCUMENTS... FORMULAS! THIS STUFF WILL BE HANDY IF I GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE! THEY'VE EVEN GOT PICTURES OF... KEE-RISTOPHER!



It WAS A PHOTOGRAPH THAT STOPPED ME COLD! A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LITTLE WEASEL WHO HAD LOOKED SO FAMILIAR!

THIS IS A HECKUVA TIME FOR DOODLING... BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHERE I'VE SEEN THIS KISSER BEFORE!



DRAW IN A MOUSTACHE... LOCK OF HAIR ACROSS THE FOREHEAD AND... HOLY SMOKES! NO WONDER I THOUGHT I'D SEEN HIM BEFORE!



IT ONLY TOOK THREE SECONDS FOR ME TO OBEY THAT IMPULSE... BUT THEY WERE THREE SECONDS TOO MANY!

WE TAKE NO MORE CHANCES! KILL DER SCHWEIN!

JA, GENERAL! SO!



THIS PLACE IS TOO CROWDED FOR ALL OF US!

OWWW!



KIND OF SLOW ON THE DRAW, AREN'T YOU, GENERAL?

NO, NO! PLEASE! DON'T SHOOT!



I WOULDN'T DREAM OF SHOOTING YOU, BAG-EYES! THAT WOULD SPOIL ALL MY FUN!

VOT VILL YOU DO? VOT...

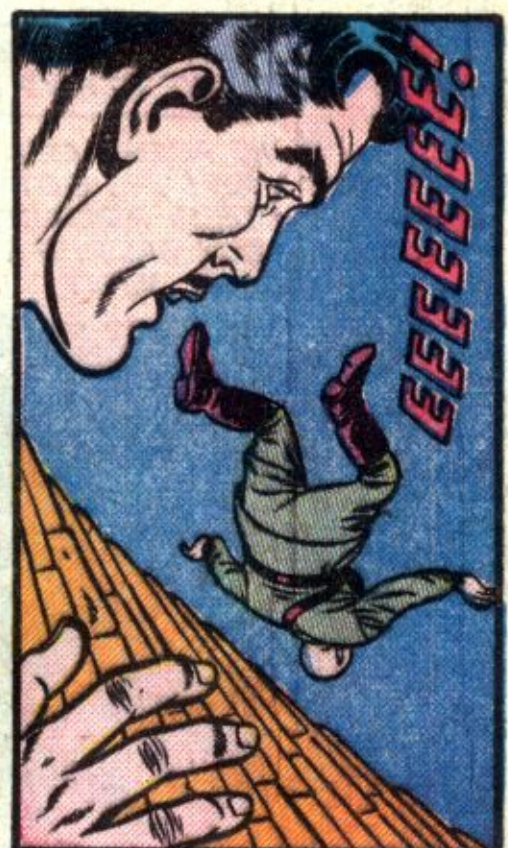


NOTHING FANCY,!

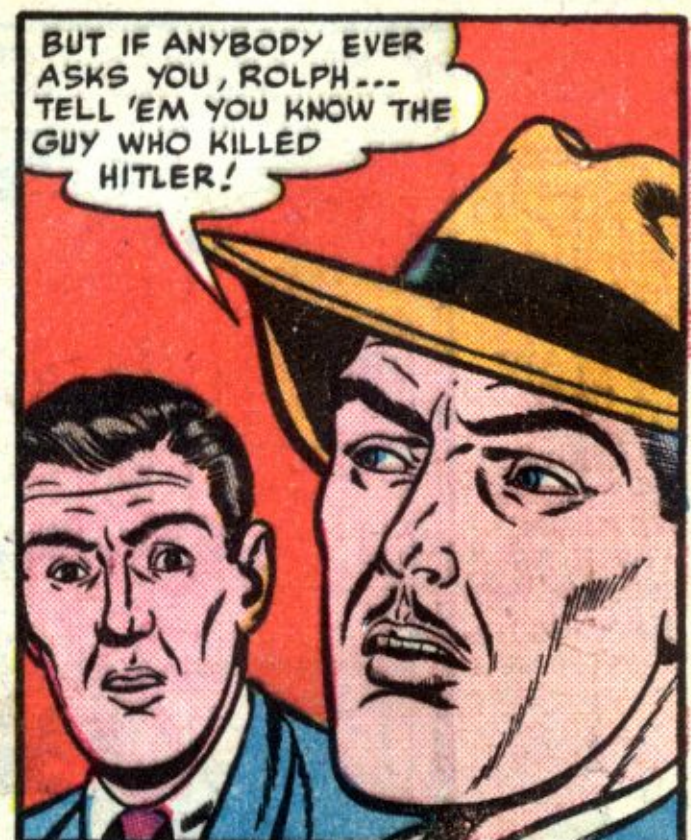
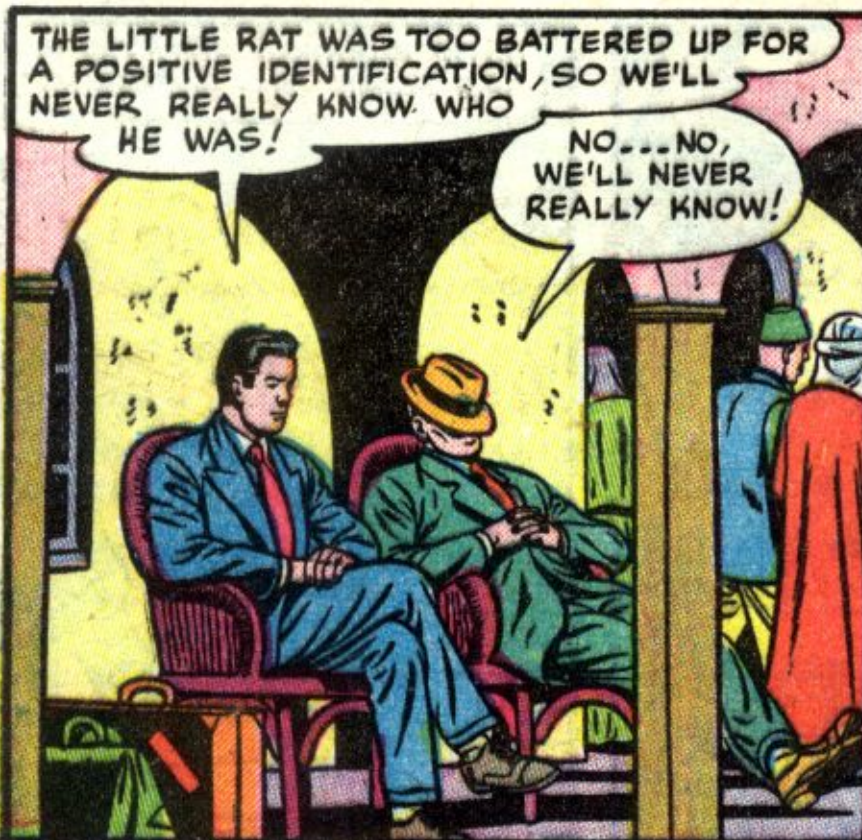
OWWOOO!

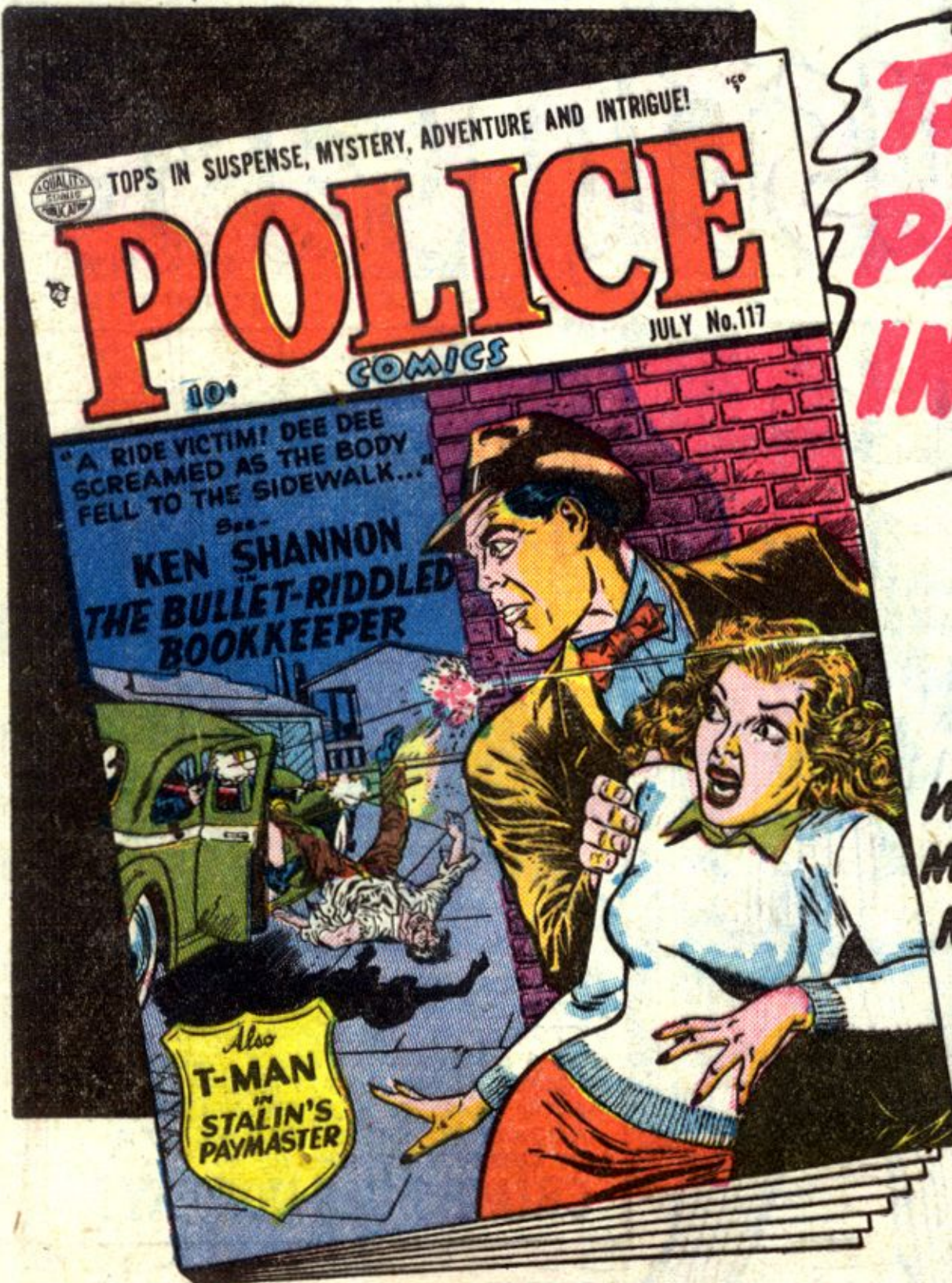






The EGYPTIAN AUTHORITIES TOOK OVER THE NEXT AFTERNOON! THE DOCUMENTS I HAD FOUND IN THE DESK NAMED AGENTS WHO HAD MURDERED PROFESSOR SANDWEG, AND THE CASE WAS ALMOST CLOSED! I SAY ALMOST, BECAUSE...





**THE MOB
PAYS OFF
IN MURDER!**



**SEE -
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
MOBSTER MICKEY
MARRONE HIRES
KEN SHANNON
TO FIND ONE OF HIS
MISSING THUGS?**

FOLLOW -

**THE DYNAMIC PRIVATE EYE AS HE TRACKS DOWN THE
KILLER OF THE BULLET-RIDDLED CORPSE!**

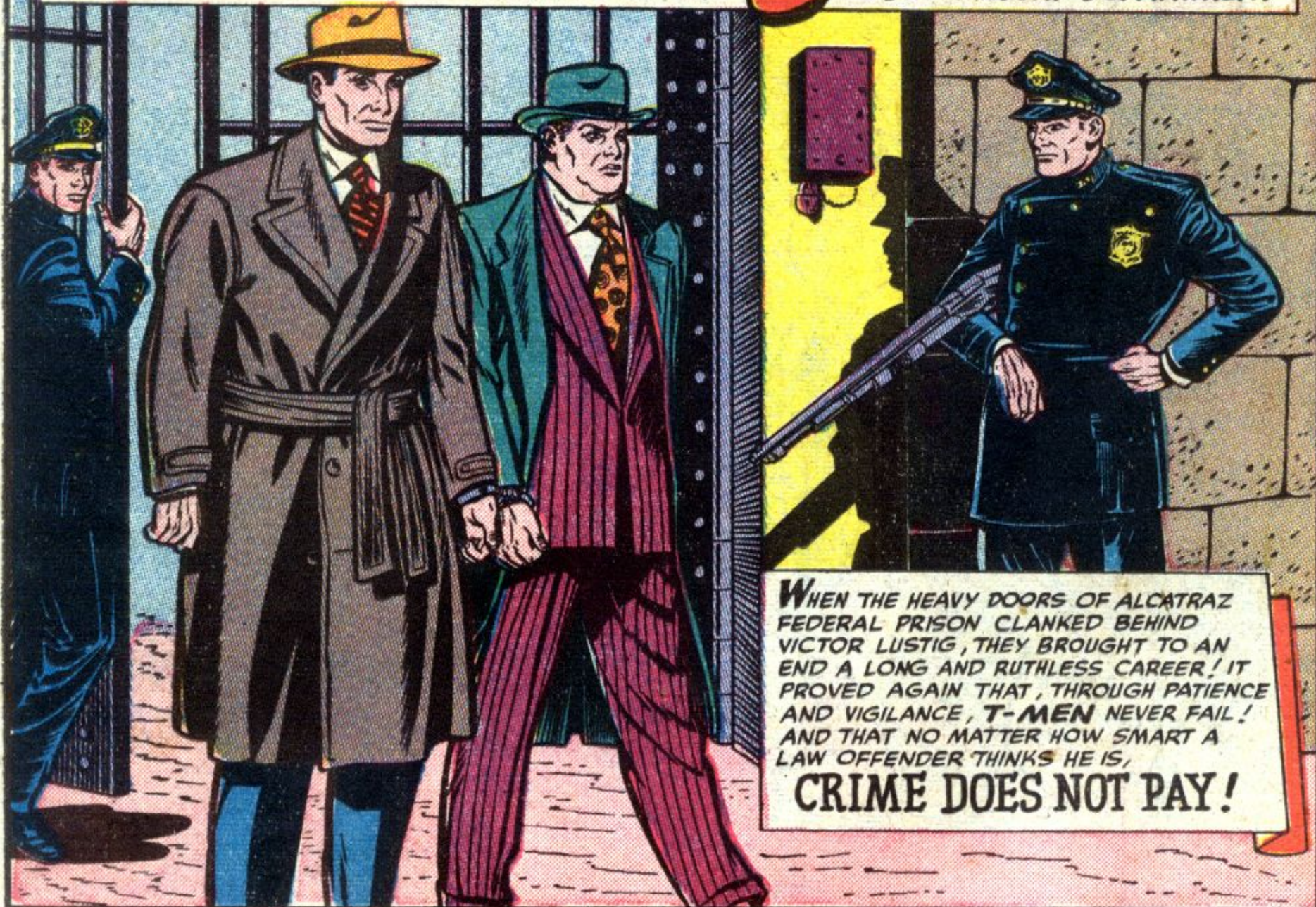
IN THE JULY ISSUE OF POLICE COMICS ON SALE April 16th

**THIS IS YOUR CHAIR. BE A JURYPAN, EYEWITNESS
AND JUDGE... READ THE TESTIMONY, WATCH THE ACTION
AS SENSATIONAL POLICE CASES COME TO LIFE!**

POLICE
COMICS

The Lustig Case

A TRUE STORY FROM THE FILES OF THE U.S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT



WHEN THE HEAVY DOORS OF ALCATRAZ FEDERAL PRISON CLANKED BEHIND VICTOR LUSTIG, THEY BROUGHT TO AN END A LONG AND RUTHLESS CAREER! IT PROVED AGAIN THAT, THROUGH PATIENCE AND VIGILANCE, **T-MEN** NEVER FAIL! AND THAT NO MATTER HOW SMART A LAW OFFENDER THINKS HE IS, **CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

For years, Victor Lustig lived off the rackets! He was one of the most elusive criminals in the annals of the Secret Service! But they were on his trail!



THERE HE GOES! THAT'S LUSTIG!

HMM! HE'S QUITE A SWELL! SEEMS PRETTY SURE OF HIMSELF!

MEN LIKE HIM ARE ALWAYS SURE OF THEMSELVES! THEY THINK THEY CAN KEEP ON EVADING THE LAW! BUT WE'LL GET HIM, SOONER OR LATER!

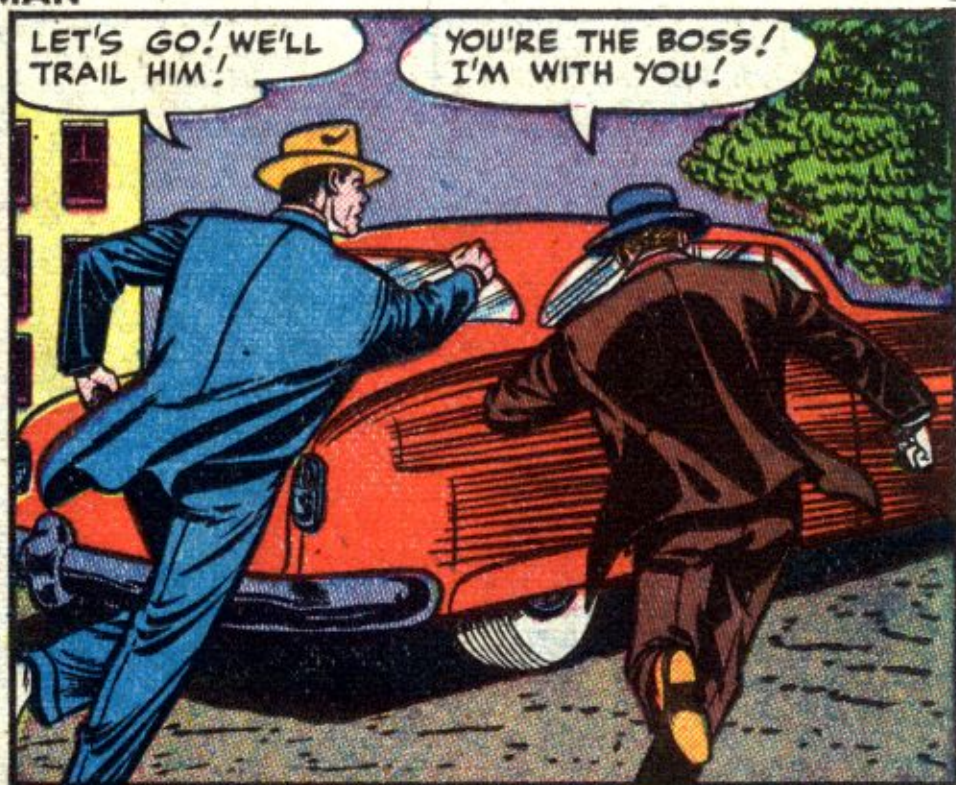
LOOK AT THAT! REALLY CLASSY, HUH?





GOOD EVENING, MR. LUSTIG!

YES, IT IS A GOOD EVENING! EVERYTHING'S GOING RIGHT AT PRESENT! IN FACT, WITH ME, IT ALWAYS DOES!



LET'S GO! WE'LL TRAIL HIM!

YOU'RE THE BOSS! I'M WITH YOU!

But AS USUAL, NOTHING HAPPENED THAT COULD BE USED AS EVIDENCE AGAINST THIS KNOWN CRIMINAL! IT TAKES ACTUAL EVIDENCE TO CONVICT A MAN, NO MATTER HOW GUILTY YOU KNOW HIM TO BE! LATER...



WHAT'S THE DEAL ON LUSTIG? I READ HIS HISTORY BUT I'M NOT CLEAR!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A NEW MAN! WELL, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU IN BRIEF!



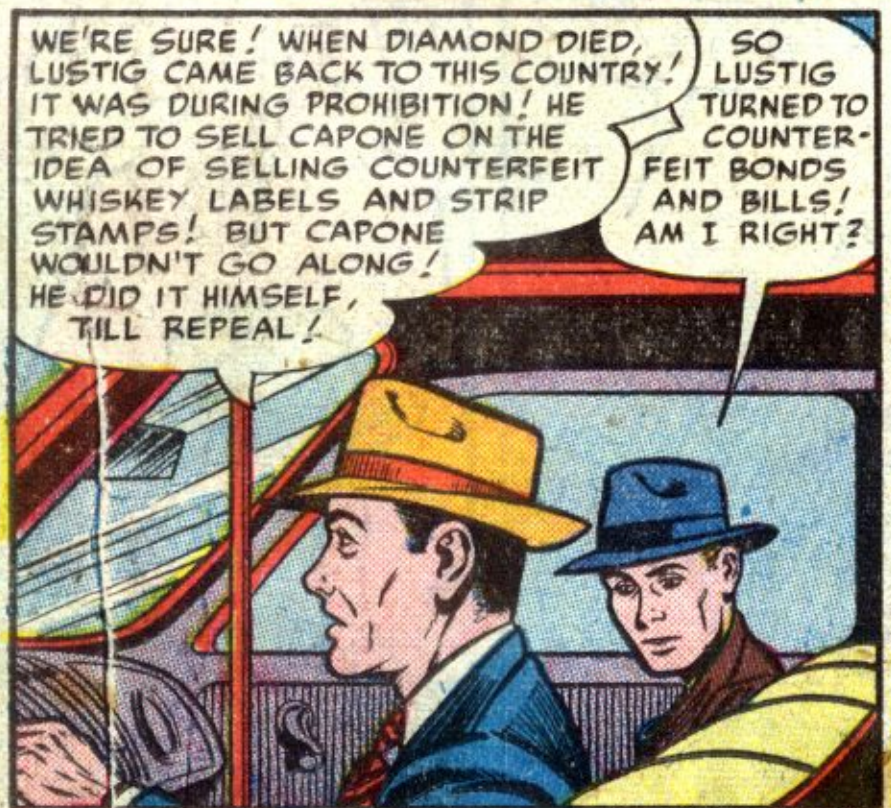
HE WAS BORN IN BOHEMIA AND WAS CONVICTED THERE WHEN HE WAS NINETEEN! A THIEF! HE WANDERED AROUND EUROPE, CAME TO AMERICA TO DODGE THE WAR AND WAS PICKED UP IN DENVER AND CHARGED WITH GRAND LARCENY!

ON WHAT GROUNDS?



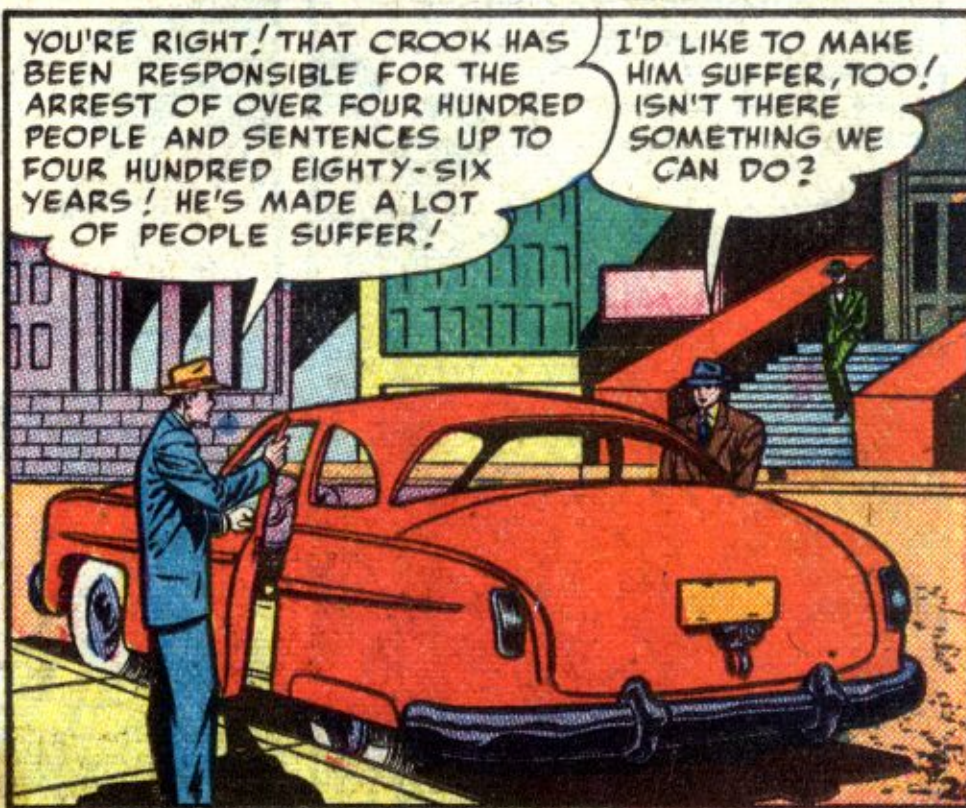
A CONFIDENCE GAME! THAT GUY'S DONE EVERYTHING! WENT BACK TO EUROPE ONCE AFTER JUMPING A TWENTY GRAND BOND! LEAGUED UP WITH LEGS DIAMOND! AND LUCIANO! SMUGGLING DOPE!

ARE YOU SURE OF THAT?



WE'RE SURE! WHEN DIAMOND DIED, LUSTIG CAME BACK TO THIS COUNTRY! IT WAS DURING PROHIBITION! HE TRIED TO SELL CAPONE ON THE IDEA OF SELLING COUNTERFEIT WHISKEY LABELS AND STRIP STAMPS! BUT CAPONE WOULDN'T GO ALONG! HE DID IT HIMSELF, TILL REPEAL!

SO LUSTIG TURNED TO COUNTERFEIT BONDS AND BILLS! AM I RIGHT?



YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT CROOK HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARREST OF OVER FOUR HUNDRED PEOPLE AND SENTENCES UP TO FOUR HUNDRED EIGHTY-SIX YEARS! HE'S MADE A LOT OF PEOPLE SUFFER!

I'D LIKE TO MAKE HIM SUFFER, TOO! ISN'T THERE SOMETHING WE CAN DO?



WATCH HIM, BOY! I'M BE-
AND SOME DAY GINNING
WE'LL GET THE TO FIND
GOODS ON HIM! THAT
IT TAKES PATIENCE OUT!
TO BE A T-MAN!

The
VIGIL
CON-
TINUED!
VICTOR
LUSTIG
WAS UN-
AWARE
THAT
THE
SECRET
SERVICE
MEN
WERE WATCH-
ING HIM SO CLOSE-
LY! ONE
NIGHT...



TO 74TH AND
BROADWAY! RIGHT
AWAY! I'M TO
MEET A MAN
THERE!

CERTAINLY,
MR. LUSTIG!



LET'S GO!
THIS MAY
BE IT!

I HOPE SO! I HATE
TO SEE SUCH A VILE
CHARACTER GO
FREE! AND TO BE
LIVING THE LIFE
OF RILEY, THE
WAY HE IS!

LUSTIG
WAS NOT
TO LIVE
THE LIFE
OF RILEY
MUCH LONGER!
THE TREASURY
AGENTS
CAUGHT HIM
WITH THE
GOODS! BUT
NOT EXACTLY
THE WAY
THEY HAD
PLANNED!
WHEN A
MESSENGER
CAME UP
WITH TWO
TRAVELLING
BAGS...



I WAS SUPPOSED TO
GIVE YOU THESE, MR.
LUSTIG!

THAT'S RIGHT!
HERE'S A TIP!



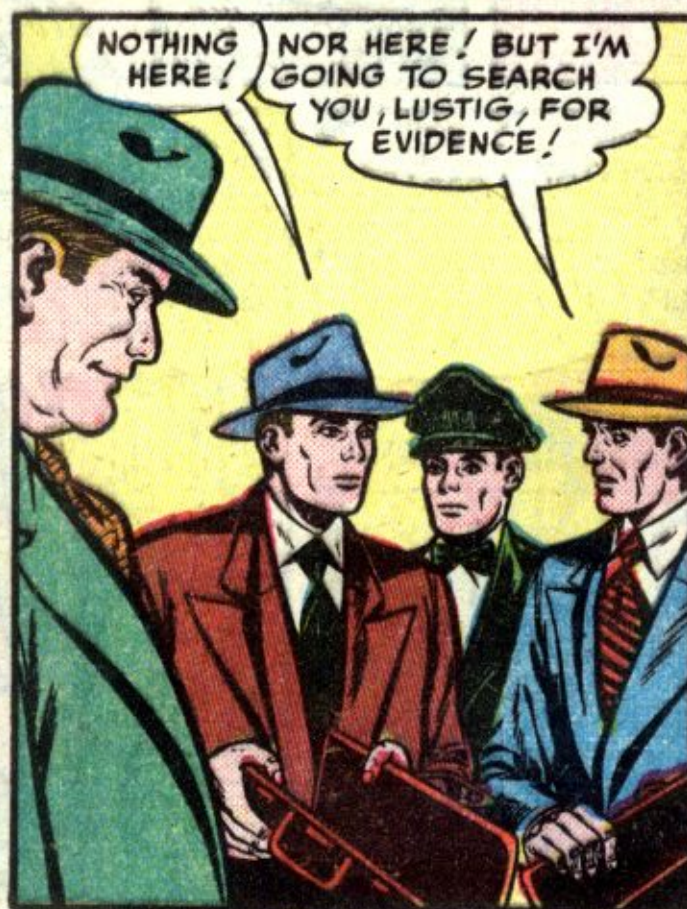
HOLD IT, LUSTIG! I'M
ARRESTING YOU ON THE
SUSPICION OF PEDDLING
COUNTERFEIT MONEY!
WE'RE WITH THE TREASURY
DEPARTMENT!

GO AHEAD!
ARREST ME!
FOR WHAT?



I'M CHECKING THESE
BAGS FOR EVIDENCE!
WE KNOW YOU'RE
TIED UP WITH WATTS!
WE KNOW HE'S A
MAN FROM NEBRASKA
WHO'S DOING YOUR
PRINTING!

YOU KNOW
A LOT!
PROVE IT!

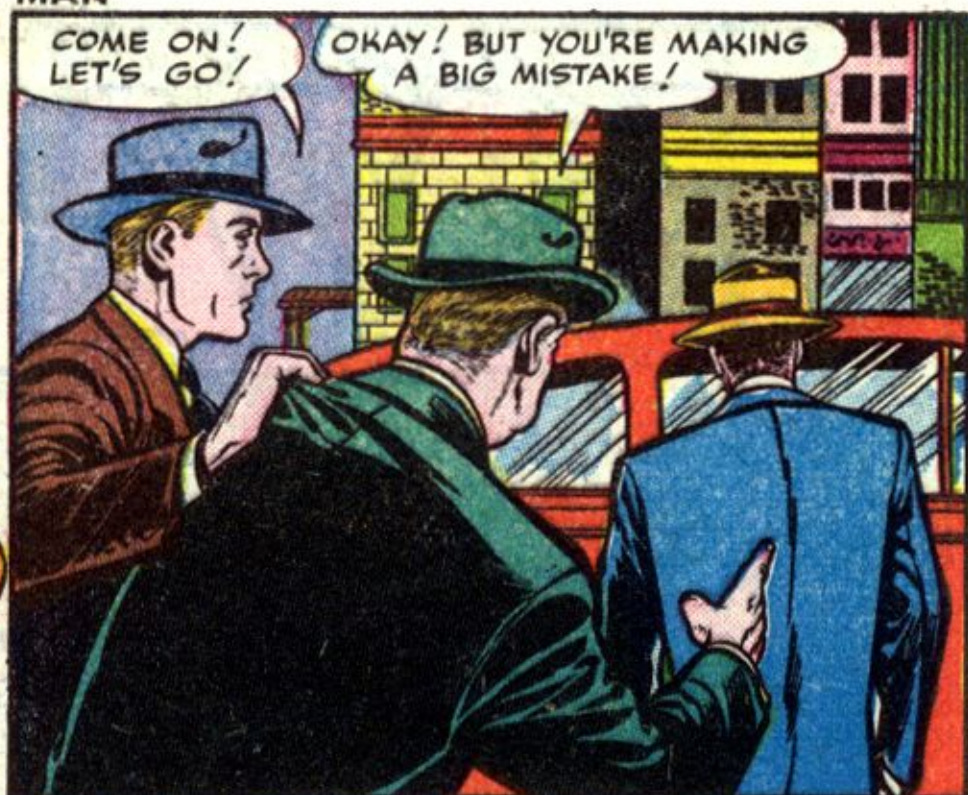


NOTHING
HERE!

NOR HERE! BUT I'M
GOING TO SEARCH
YOU, LUSTIG, FOR
EVIDENCE!



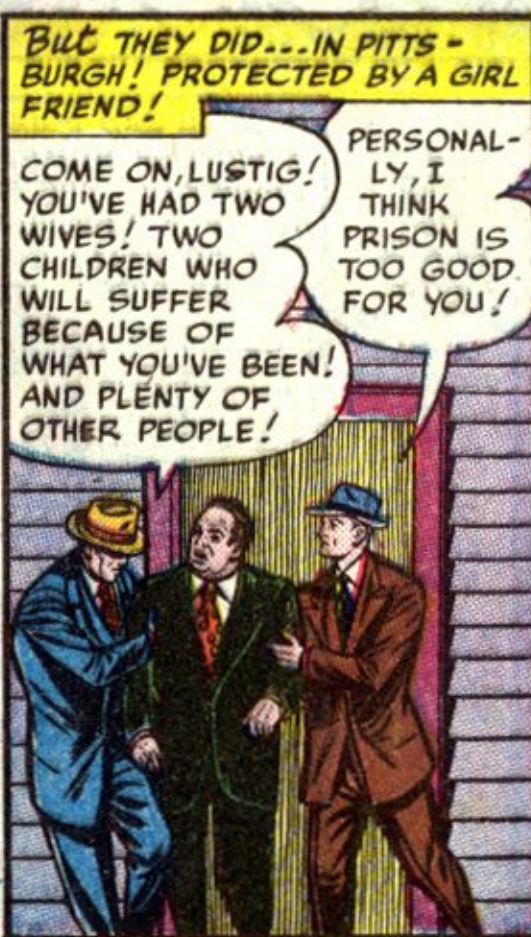
GO
AHEAD!



THE T-MEN, THEMSELVES, THOUGHT THEY HAD MADE A MISTAKE! BUT THEY HAD MADE THE ARREST AND FELT FORCED TO FOLLOW THROUGH! AND THE KEY LED TO SOMETHING!



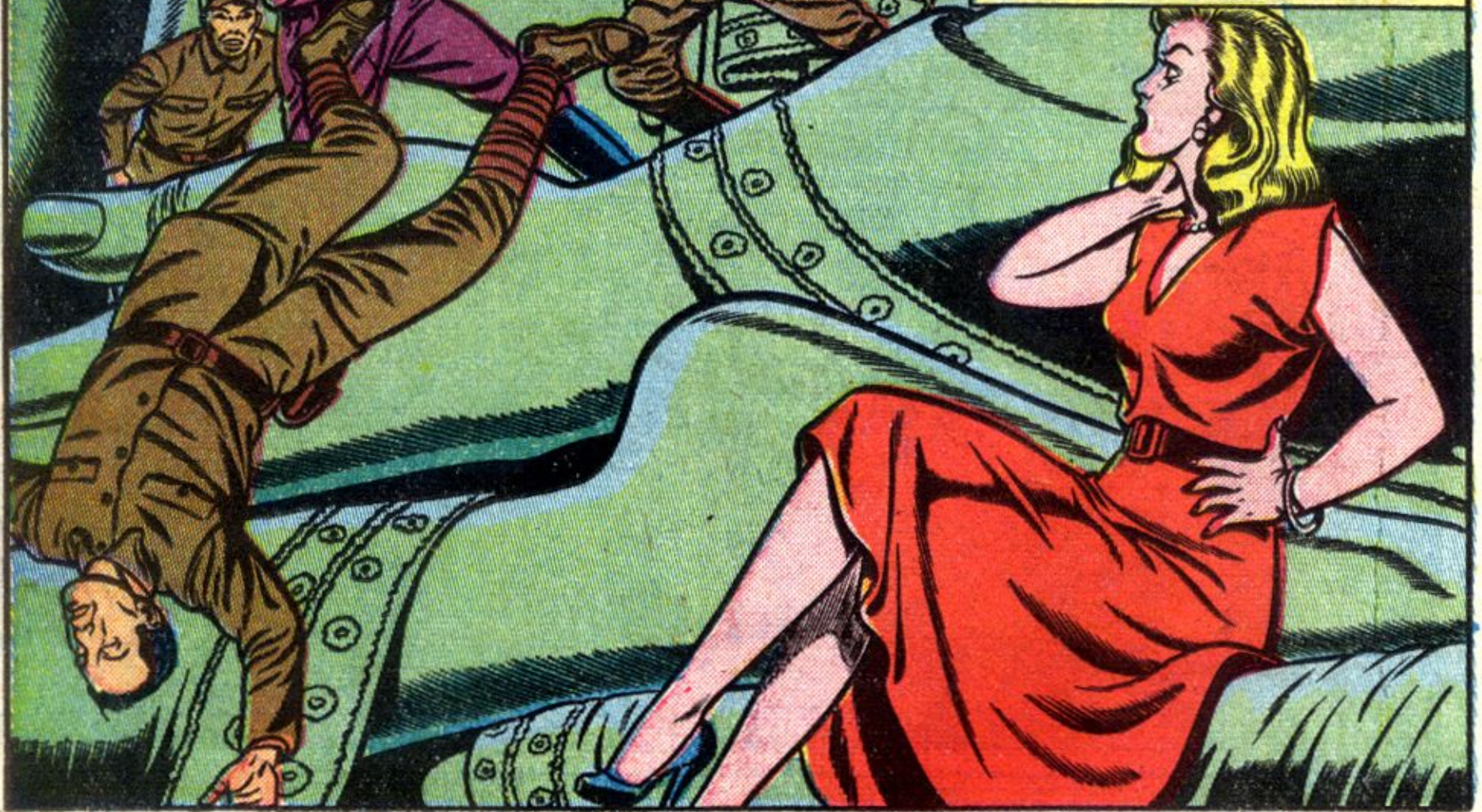
WATTS WAS PICKED UP LATER! TOGETHER, HE AND LUSTIG SPENT TIME IN THE NEW YORK CITY HOUSE OF DETENTION! BUT, BY SIMULATING A WINDOW WASHER, AFTER CUTTING THROUGH A HEAVY SCREEN...



T-MAN

The BLONDE HONEY WAS TAKING IT ON THE LAM FROM RED CHINA, SO I GAVE HER MY STRONG RIGHT ARM TO LEAN ON! JUST A GREAT BIG HERO, THAT'S ME! YEAH... JUST A GREAT BIG CHUMP... BECAUSE I WAS HOPPING, WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN, FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE! BUT HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN I WAS GOING TO

Escape to Danger?



I WAS OVER RED CHINA, AND ABOUT TO JUMP INTO TROUBLE FEET FIRST!

HAPPY LANDINGS, PETE!

THANKS! IF THE CHUTE DOESN'T OPEN, I WANT A REFUND!

AS THE BLACK CHUTE BLOSSOMED OPEN, MY THOUGHTS DRIFTED BACK TO THE LAST TIME, I'D SEEN MY CHIEF IN WASHINGTON!

PETE, IN RED CHINA, THERE'S A WOMAN NAMED SONYA ANDREYEV! SHE PRETENDS TO BE A RUSSIAN AGENT, BUT ACTUALLY SHE'S ON OUR SIDE!

YOUR JOB IS TO HELP HER ESCAPE RED CHINA SO SHE CAN GIVE US VALUABLE INFORMATION!

WHY DOESN'T SONYA SIMPLY RELAY HER INFORMATION TO US THROUGH A CONTACT?

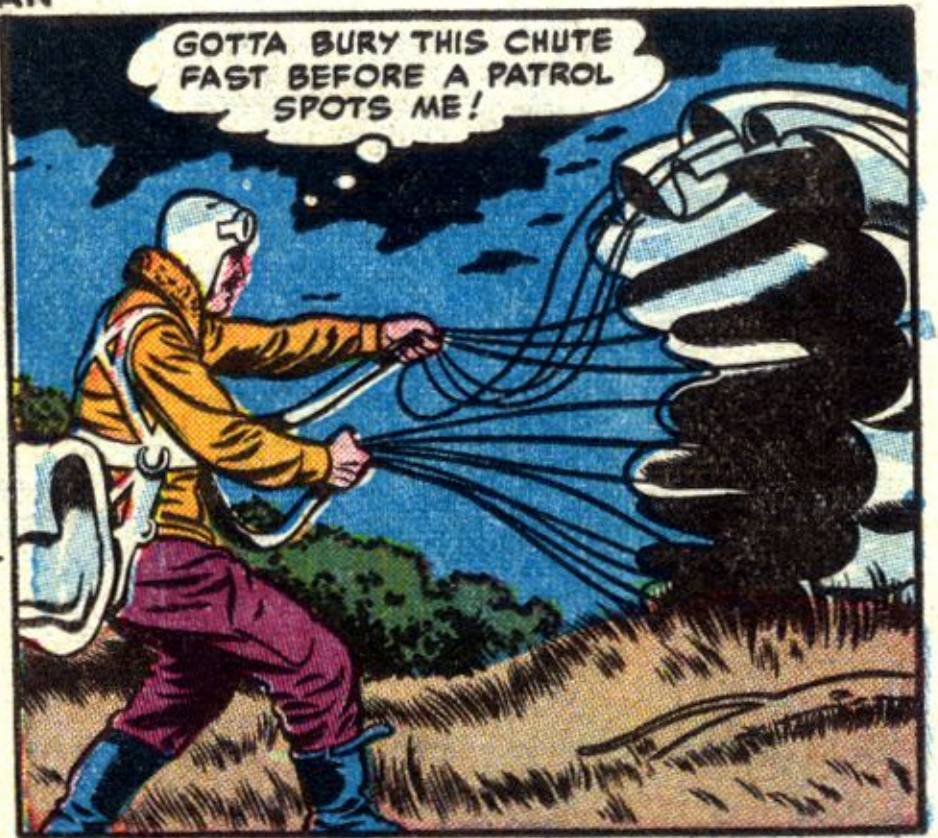




TOO DANGEROUS! BESIDES, SONYA WANTS OUT! SHE THINKS THE REDS ARE GETTING SUSPICIOUS OF HER! NOW IT'S UP TO YOU!

OKAY! I'LL PACK MY TOOTH-BRUSH AND A PRAYER!

That's WHY I FOUND MYSELF HOPPING FROM A CHINESE NATIONALIST PLANE INTO TROUBLE RIGHT UP TO MY NECK-TIE!



GOTTA BURY THIS CHUTE FAST BEFORE A PATROL SPOTS ME!



I FINISHED THAT CHORE, WHEN SUDDENLY I WAS JUMPED!

A STRANGER.. WITHIN OUR LINES! SIEZE HIM!

THREE AGAINST ONE! NICE ODDS.. FOR THEM!



COME ONE, COME ALL ... BUT COME ONE AT A TIME!



AS ONE OF THEM THREW A FLASH ON ME, I KNEW IT WAS TIME TO START MY BLUFF!

FOOLS! I AM A RUSSIAN OFFICER! TAKE ME TO SONYA ANDREYEV! SHE WILL IDENTIFY ME!

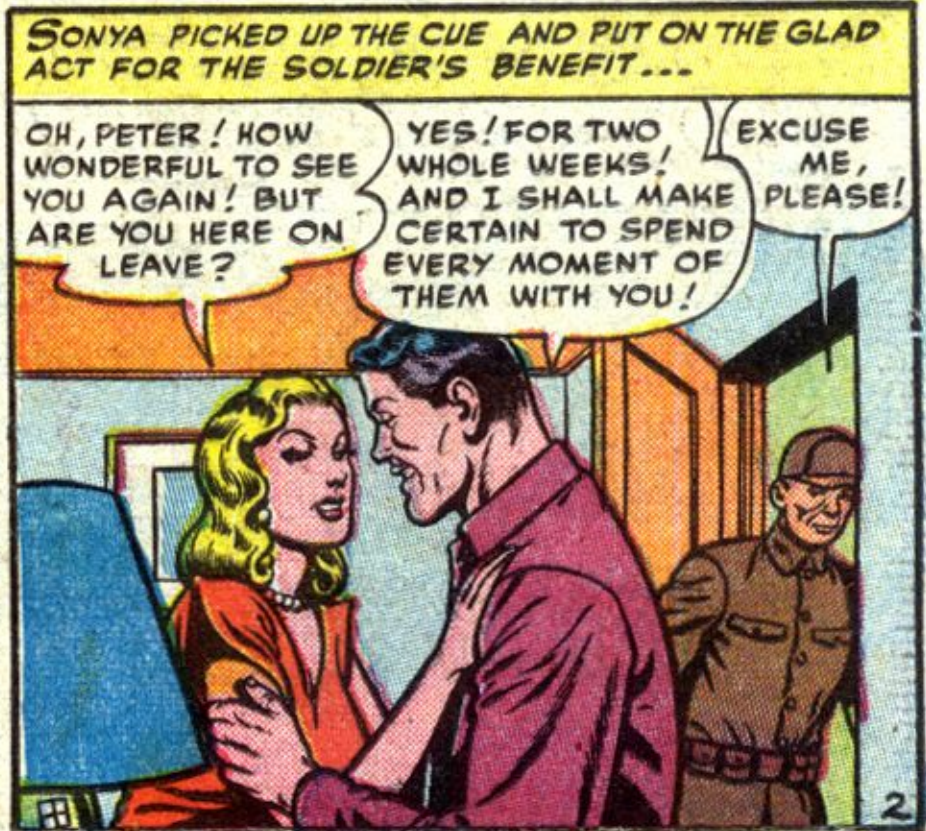
HE... HE DOES WEAR THE UNIFORM OF OUR COMRADES! LET US DO AS HE SAYS!



COMRADE, CAN YOU IDENT...

COMRADE SONYA! AS LOVELY AS EVER! HAVE YOU NO WORDS OF WELCOME FOR YOUR OLD FRIEND, PETER TRASKOFF?

TRASK...?



SONYA PICKED UP THE CUE AND PUT ON THE GLAD ACT FOR THE SOLDIER'S BENEFIT...

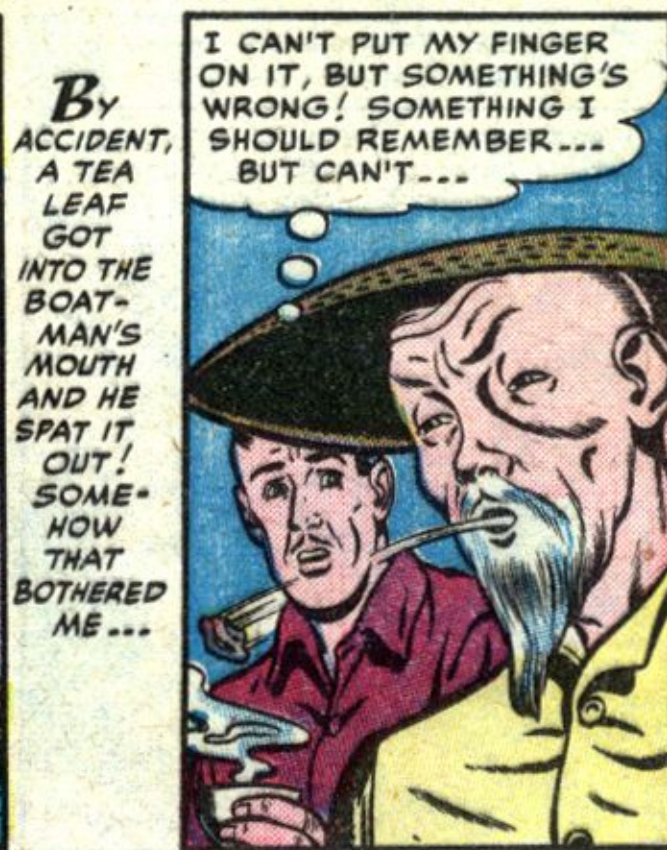
OH, PETER! HOW WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU AGAIN! BUT ARE YOU HERE ON LEAVE?

YES! FOR TWO WHOLE WEEKS! AND I SHALL MAKE CERTAIN TO SPEND EVERY MOMENT OF THEM WITH YOU!

EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!



WE DID A SNEAK PAST THE PATROL AND SONYA LED THE WAY TO A WAITING SAMPAN!





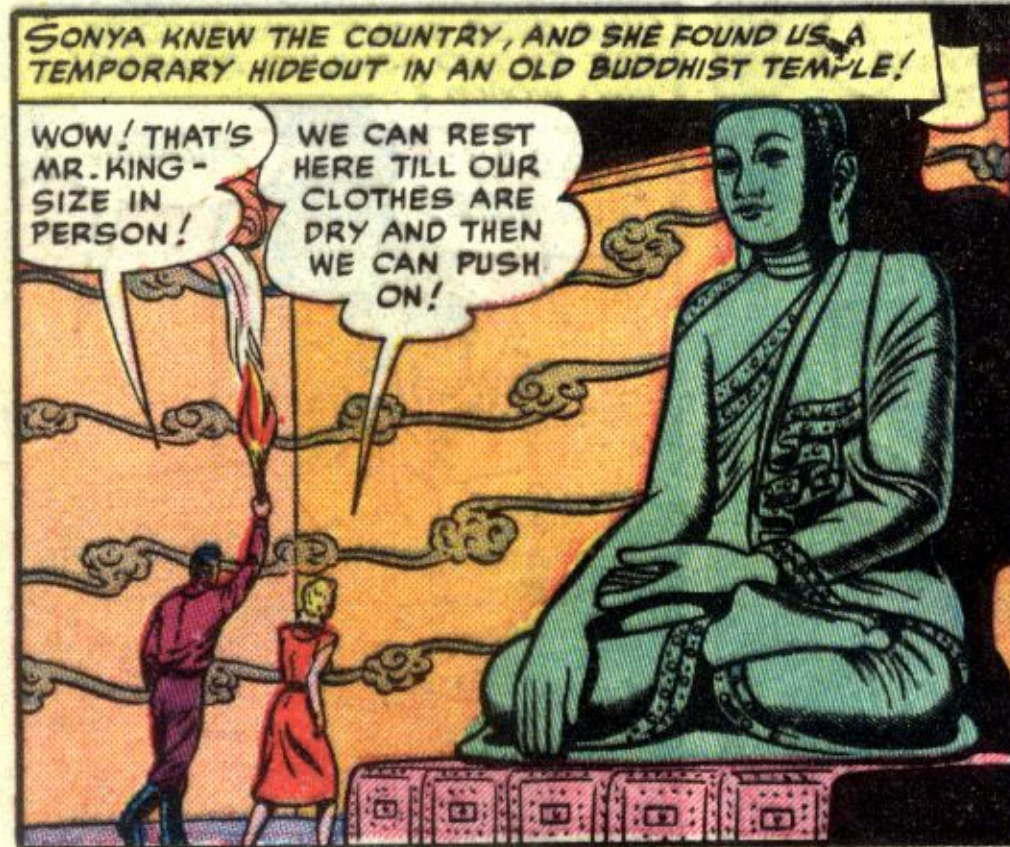
WE'RE LUCKY THEY'RE ROTTEN SHOTS! THEY COULDN'T DO ANY WORSE IF THEY TRIED!

WE MADE THE FAR SHORE OKAY! A TIGHT SITUATION, BUT NOT AS TIGHT AS SONYA'S WET DRESS!



HMM! YOU'VE GOT A GORGEOUS PROFILE...RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR TOES!

I'M FLATTERED, BUT WOULD YOU PLEASE CONCENTRATE ON OUR ESCAPE, INSTEAD?



SONYA KNEW THE COUNTRY, AND SHE FOUND US A TEMPORARY HIDEOUT IN AN OLD BUDDHIST TEMPLE!

WOW! THAT'S MR. KING-SIZE IN PERSON!

WE CAN REST HERE TILL OUR CLOTHES ARE DRY AND THEN WE CAN PUSH ON!



HIC!

OH-OH! THEY WERE HERE FIRST... AND THEY'VE BEEN HITTING THE BOTTLE PLENTY!

WHAT? BUT THEY SHOULD BE AT THEIR BARRACKS! THEY SHOULD NOT BE HERE...



MAYBE SO, SWEET-HEART, BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO ARGUE THE POINT!

STRANGERS! TAKE THEM!

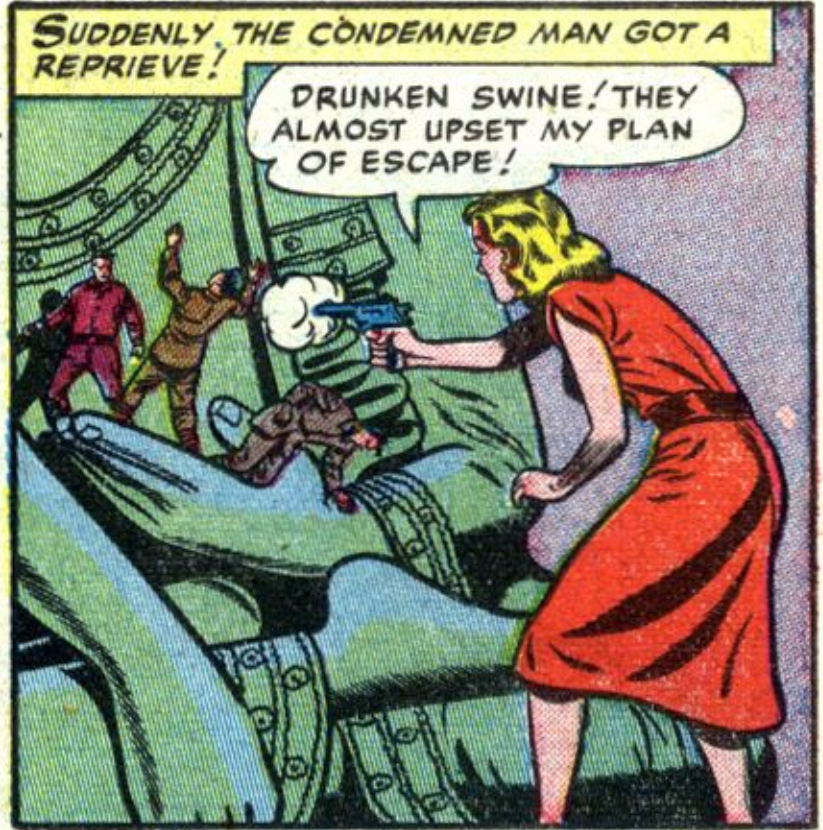


HOW ABOUT LENDING ME A HAND, BUDDHA?

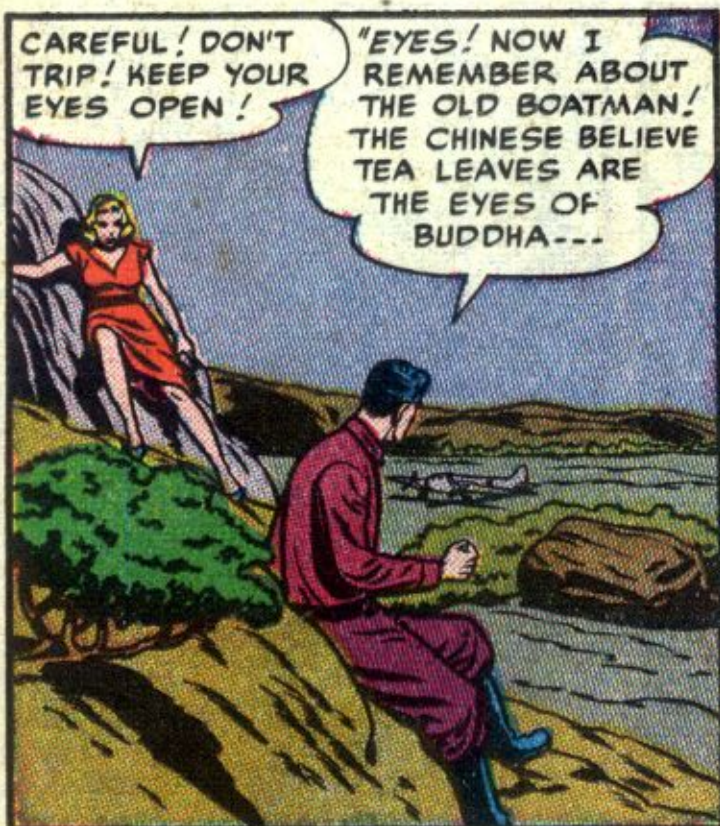


THANKS, PAL!

I
KEPT
THROWING
PUNCHES,
BUT
I WAS
BEING
CROWDED
TO
THE
ROPES!



T-MAN



CAREFUL! DON'T TRIP! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

"EYES! NOW I REMEMBER ABOUT THE OLD BOATMAN! THE CHINESE BELIEVE TEA LEAVES ARE THE EYES OF BUDDHA---



ACCORDING TO CUSTOM, IF A LEAF ACCIDENTALLY GETS INTO THE MOUTH, IT MUST BE DRIED, THEN BURNED! BUT THAT BUDDHA-QUOTING BOATMAN SPAT OUT THE LEAF! RED CHINESE DON'T BELIEVE IN THE OLD CUSTOMS---



HE WAS A PHONY---A RED--- AND YOU KNEW IT! IT WAS ALL PLANNED! THE RED SOLDIERS WEREN'T ROTTEN SHOTS! THEY WERE LETTING US "ESCAPE"--- ALL EXCEPT THOSE A.W.O.L. DRUNKS YOU KNOCKED OFF! THEY ALMOST WRECKED THE SETUP!



SURE! YOU'D "ESCAPE" INTO THE U.S. TO DO YOUR RED SPY WORK! WHERE'S THE REAL SONYA ANDREYEV, BABY?

DEAD! SHOT AS A TRAITOR TO OUR CAUSE!



YOU CAN DROP THE ROD, RED!

MMFFF!



OH-OH! RED SOLDIERS--- JUST CHECKING UP TO MAKE SURE "SONYA" GETS ON THE PLANE! IF THEY SPOT ME MAKING IT ALONE THEY'LL KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG!

I GAGGED THE BLONDE COMRADE AND THEN TOOK A QUICK SCAN AT THE TERRAIN BELOW---



SUDDENLY I GOT AN IDEA AND STARTED WORKING ON IT!

THERE'S ENOUGH GREEN BAMBOO HERE TO DO THE TRICK!





DEATH AND VIOLENCE RAKE THE TEEMING JUNGLES OF ANATOA ISLAND AS A RUTHLESS DESPOT REVIVES PRIMITIVE HATES AND PASSIONS, TURNING THE NATIVES INTO BLOOD-THIRSTY SAVAGE KILLERS! FIGHTING TO FREE THE ISLANDERS FROM THIS TYRANT'S GRIP, THE **BLACKHAWKS** FACE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE VERY MEN THEY SEEK TO HELP! WHAT ESCAPE IS THERE FROM THIS DIABOLICAL **TERROR IN THE JUNGLE?**

DON'T MISS THE JULY ISSUE OF **BLACKHAWK...**

On Sale April 23rd

THE MOST POPULAR COMIC MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!

The Dumb Ones

WITH the siren screaming and the red warning light flashing from side to side, the car of Inspector Cliff Brink of the Arson Squad raced through the traffic. Detective Bob Corby, his driver, kept the gas pedal as near the floor board as he dared. Driving through metropolitan traffic is no cinch at ordinary speeds. But racing through it is enough to age a man before his time.

"Hurry," ordered Brink. "The call came through that it looks like a set fire. The sooner we get there, the more we'll find out."

As the car swung around a corner, they could see the glow in the sky. It was a big fire. The traffic patrolman waved them through the barricades and soon they were skidding to a stop near the massed fire fighting equipment. It was a three story building and the factory of Watts Furriers, a wholesale house. Brink jumped from the car and ran to where the fire chief stood.

"Some blaze," said Brink. "Really think this is an arson case?"

"I'd bet my bottom dollar on it, Brink," shouted the fire chief. "That's why I put in the call for you. This fire started too fast and was going too good when we got here to be anything else. The plant had just shut down so the fire couldn't have started more than a few minutes before. Looks as if we're going to lose the entire building except for the front office section. I think we'll save that. But we can't do much investigating until we get this thing calmed down."

"I see that," commented Brink. Then, turning to his assistant, Corby, he said, "Get in touch with the owner and get him down here."

"I'm ahead of you there," grinned Corby. "I just went across the street and called. He's at home in bed. Been sick for the last three days. He told me to get in touch with his secretary and she'd give us any information we need. I have her address."

"Then get her and bring her here," ordered Brink. "I'll check here as soon as I can."

An hour later, the fire chief, the secretary Miss Anders, the inspector and the detective worked their way through the ruins. A strong smell of burning fur almost overpowered them. The chief pointed to a pile of burned rubble. It had been fur.

"Guess those won't be much good for coats now," he commented.

"Poor Mr. Watts," groaned Miss Anders. "That's sixty thousand dollars worth of mink skins. They came in this afternoon and hadn't even been unpacked. Fortunately, they're insured so Mr. Watts

won't suffer a financial loss. But we need them for our fall orders and——"

"Come here, Chief," said Brink, interrupting Miss Anders. "You were right."

Kneeling before the pile of burned furs, Brink pointed to the charred wood around it. "The fire was set without a doubt," he continued. "The fact that the wood is much more charred at this point and that you can get a faint smell of benzine proves it. These furs were meant to burn."

Then turning to Corby, he added, "Take these ashes to the lab. Get a report on them and meet me at Watts' home as soon as possible. That's all for you, Miss Anders."

When Brink approached Watts' house, he found Corby waiting for him. Brink took the lab report, looked at it, and then knocked on the door. They were admitted by a small, timid looking man. The inspector introduced himself and Corby.

"I'm afraid," quavered Watts, "that this has been a terrible day. And I'm also afraid that I can't do much to help you. I've been ill here at home for the past three days. And now we've had this terrible fire. And sixty thousand dollars worth of mink furs that we needed have gone up in flames. I'll lose a lot of money."

"You're going to lose more than money, Mr. Watts," snarled Brink. "You're going to lose the right to the pursuit of freedom and happiness for some time."

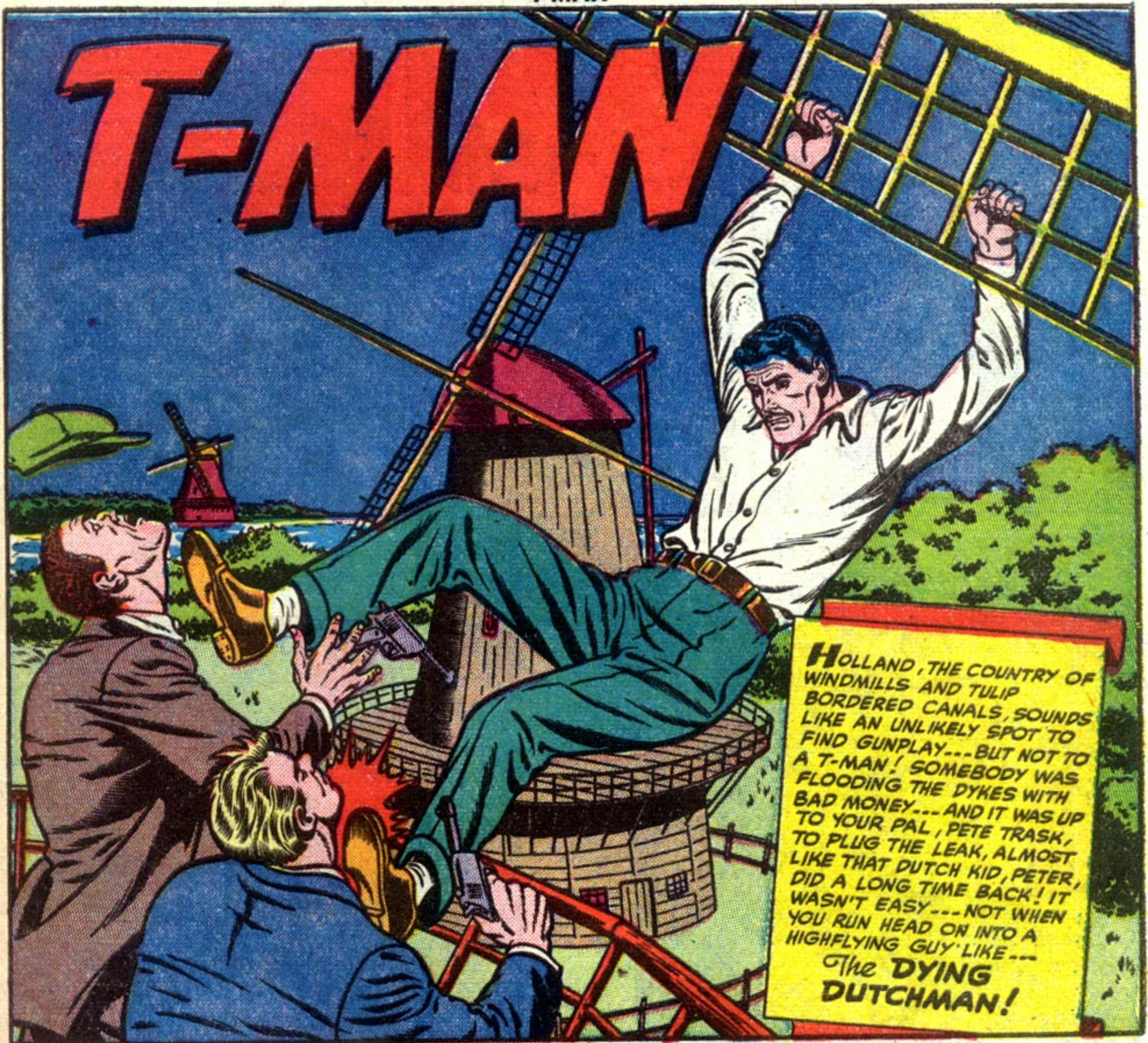
"Wh-what do you mean?" stammered Watts, now looking frightened.

"You said those furs that burned were mink," explained Brink. "They weren't. They were cheap rabbit furs as I thought when I saw them. Also evidence shows that the fire was set. And I checked on your financial status and I know you're broke. It was a nice scheme if it had worked—sixty grand for a few worthless rabbit skins. But laboratory tests don't lie. So I'm taking you in."

"Don't do that. Please don't do that," cried Watts. "It was all my secretary's idea. She told me to stay home and pretend to be sick and she'd take care of the rest. We were going to split the insurance. It would put me on my feet again."

"Come on," roared Brink in disgust. "You cheap crooks always cry when you're caught. You always figure you can make suckers out of the cops. We're supposed to be dumb."

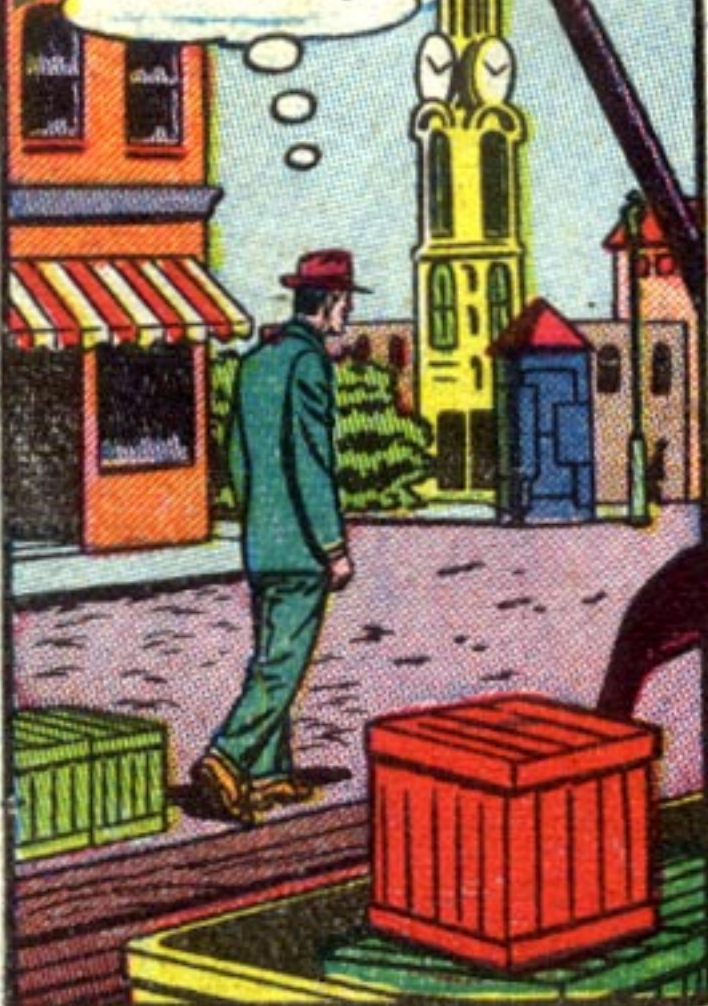
"But you guys are the dumb ones," he continued as Corby slipped the handcuffs on the wrists of Watts. "If you'd just stop to realize how full the jails are, you'd know that we're not the dumb ones. It's people like you who are—the ones who are on the inside."



HOLLAND, THE COUNTRY OF WINDMILLS AND TULIP BORDERED CANALS, SOUNDS LIKE AN UNLIKELY SPOT TO FIND GUNPLAY... BUT NOT TO A T-MAN! SOMEBODY WAS FLOODING THE DYKES WITH BAD MONEY... AND IT WAS UP TO YOUR PAL, PETE TRASK, TO PLUG THE LEAK, ALMOST LIKE THAT DUTCH KID, PETER, DID A LONG TIME BACK! IT WASN'T EASY... NOT WHEN YOU RUN HEAD ON INTO A HIGHFLYING GUY LIKE...
The DYING DUTCHMAN!

SOMEWHERE IN HOLLAND'S AMSTERDAM A GUY WAS MAKING COUNTERFEIT AMERICAN BILLS, AND YOURS TRULY HAD TO FERRET HIM OUT!

NOW THAT I'M HERE WHERE DO I START TO LOOK?



I WAS CRUISING DOWN A BACK STREET WHEN A DUTCH DOLL CAUGHT MY ROVING EYE...



OHH! MY ANKLE! I MUST HAVE WRENCHED IT!

AH! A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!



OH, THANK YOU!

THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE! HMM! NICE PERFUME YOU'RE WEARING!



SUDDENLY SHE SHOVED A GUN INTO MY RIBS AND STARTED TO TALK FAST AND LOW...

HEY! WHAT...

QUESTIONS! THREE MEN ARE WATCHING ME FROM DOWN THE STREET! THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME TO KILL YOU, MR. TRASK!

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! THREE MEN ARE WATCHING ME FROM DOWN THE STREET! THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME TO KILL YOU, MR. TRASK!

WHEN I FIRE THROUGH THE FLAP OF YOUR JACKET, YOU MUST FALL DOWN! I'LL MEET YOU LATER AT THE ZUIDER STREET BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT TO EXPLAIN!

HER GUN BARKED TWICE, AND I FLOPPED DOWN LIKE A RAG DOLL!

OHhhh!

HE'S DEAD ENOUGH! I COULD NOT MISS AT THAT CLOSE RANGE!

GOOD! NOW WE MUST HIDE THE AMERICAN'S BODY!

I PLAYED POSSUM WHILE THEY HAULED ME TO A BOARDED UP DUMP AND SHOVED ME INSIDE!

IT WILL BE WEEKS BEFORE HIS BODY IS DISCOVERED HERE! BY THAT TIME OUR MISSION WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED!

OKAY, BLONDIE...MIDNIGHT AT THE BRIDGE! AND YOU'D BETTER HAVE SOME ANSWERS, BECAUSE I SURE HAVE THE QUESTIONS!

FOR A WOMAN, THE DUTCH DOLL WAS UNUSUAL! SHE KEPT OUR DATE RIGHT ON TIME!

HELLO? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU'RE NOT HURT?

IN PERFECT HEALTH! NOW, HOW ABOUT A COZY CHAT?



I'M HILDA KEFT, SISTER OF DOLPH KEFT, THE COUNTER-FEITER YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR! I AM SEARCHING FOR HIM, TOO! YOU SEE, COMMUNIST AGENTS HAVE KIDNAPPED HIM!



THE COMMUNISTS ARE FORCING MY BROTHER TO MAKE PLATES FOR COUNTER-FEIT PASS-PORTS!

WHEW! WITH PHONY PASS-PORTS, REDS CAN POSE AS TOURISTS AND GET INTO DEMOCRATIC COUNTRIES! QUITE A SPY SETUP!



THE COMMUNISTS DON'T KNOW I'M DOLPH'S SISTER! I'M TRYING TO JOIN THEM, TO LEARN WHERE THEY'VE HIDDEN MY BROTHER! THEY DEMANDED I KILL YOU, AN AMERICAN T-MAN, AS A TEST OF MY LOYALTY TO THE CAUSE!



I GET IT! BUT ARE YOU SURE YOUR BROTHER ISN'T WORKING WITH THEM WILLINGLY?

HE'S A CRIMINAL, BUT NOT A TRAITOR! HE'D RATHER DIE THAN SELL OUT HIS COUNTRY!



A CAR PULLED UP, AND SUDDENLY SOMEBODY ELSE WAS DOING THE TALKING---

THE PARTY MUST MAKE DOUBLY SURE OF NEW RECRUITS...SO WE FOLLOWED YOU! YOU ALMOST TRICKED US, HILDA!

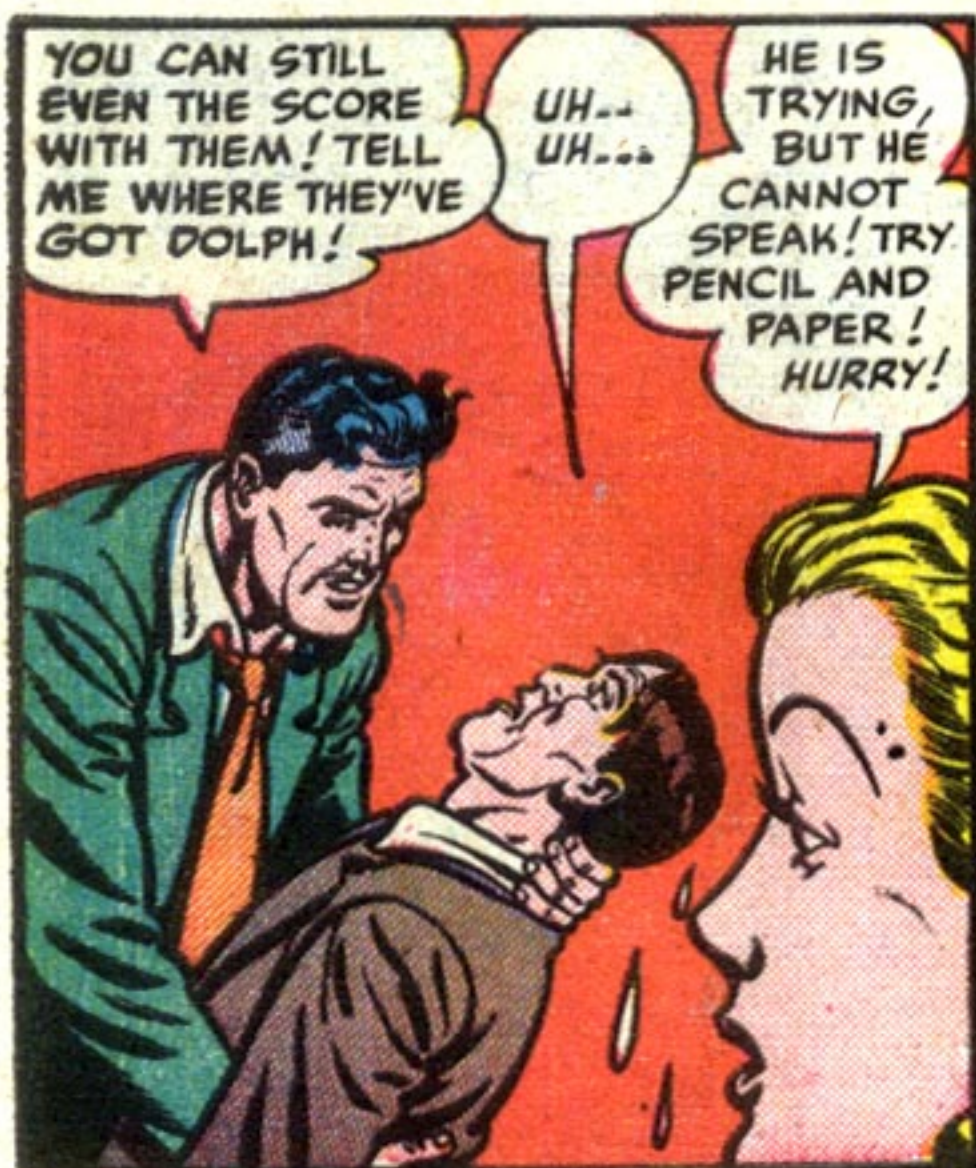
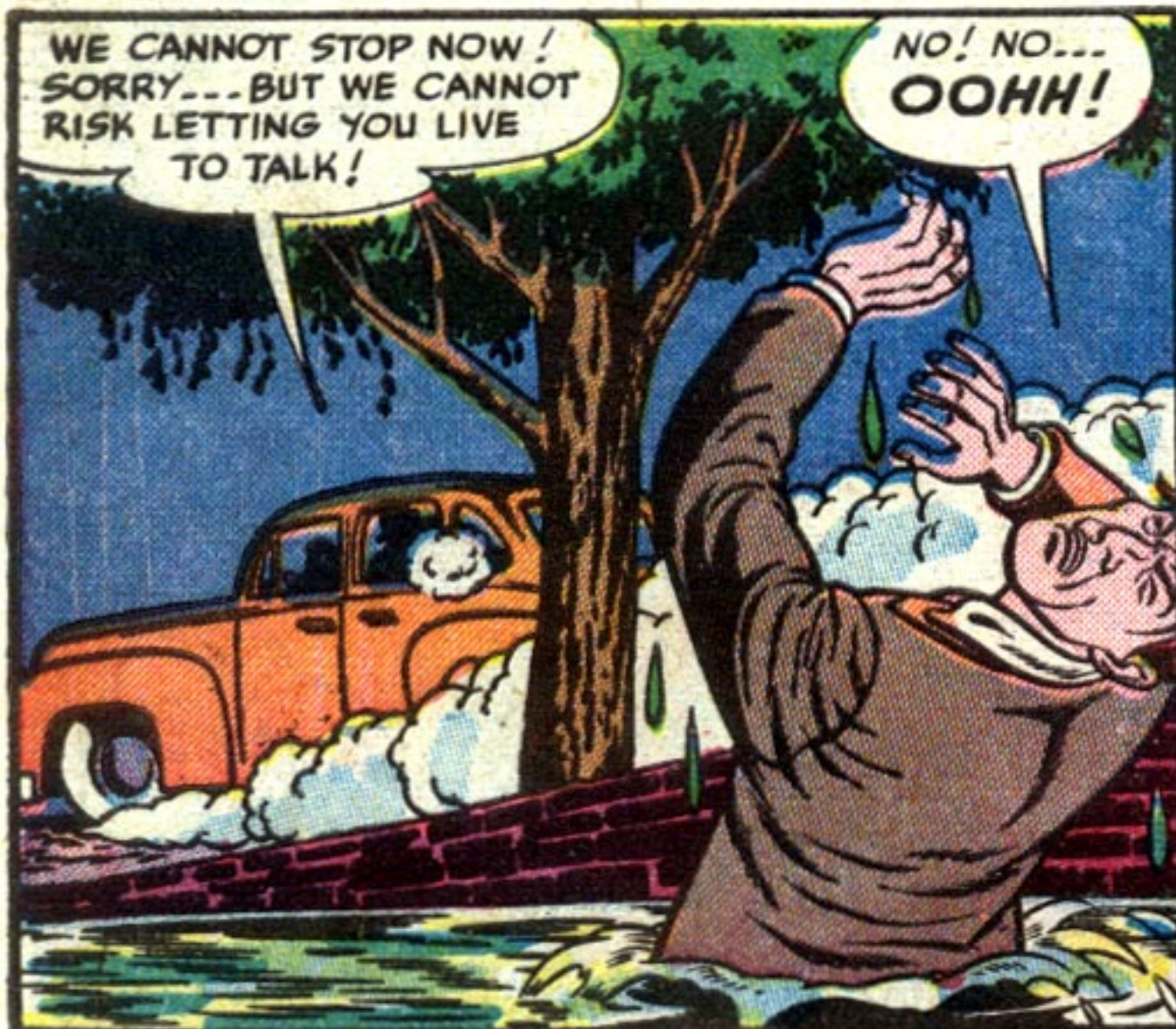
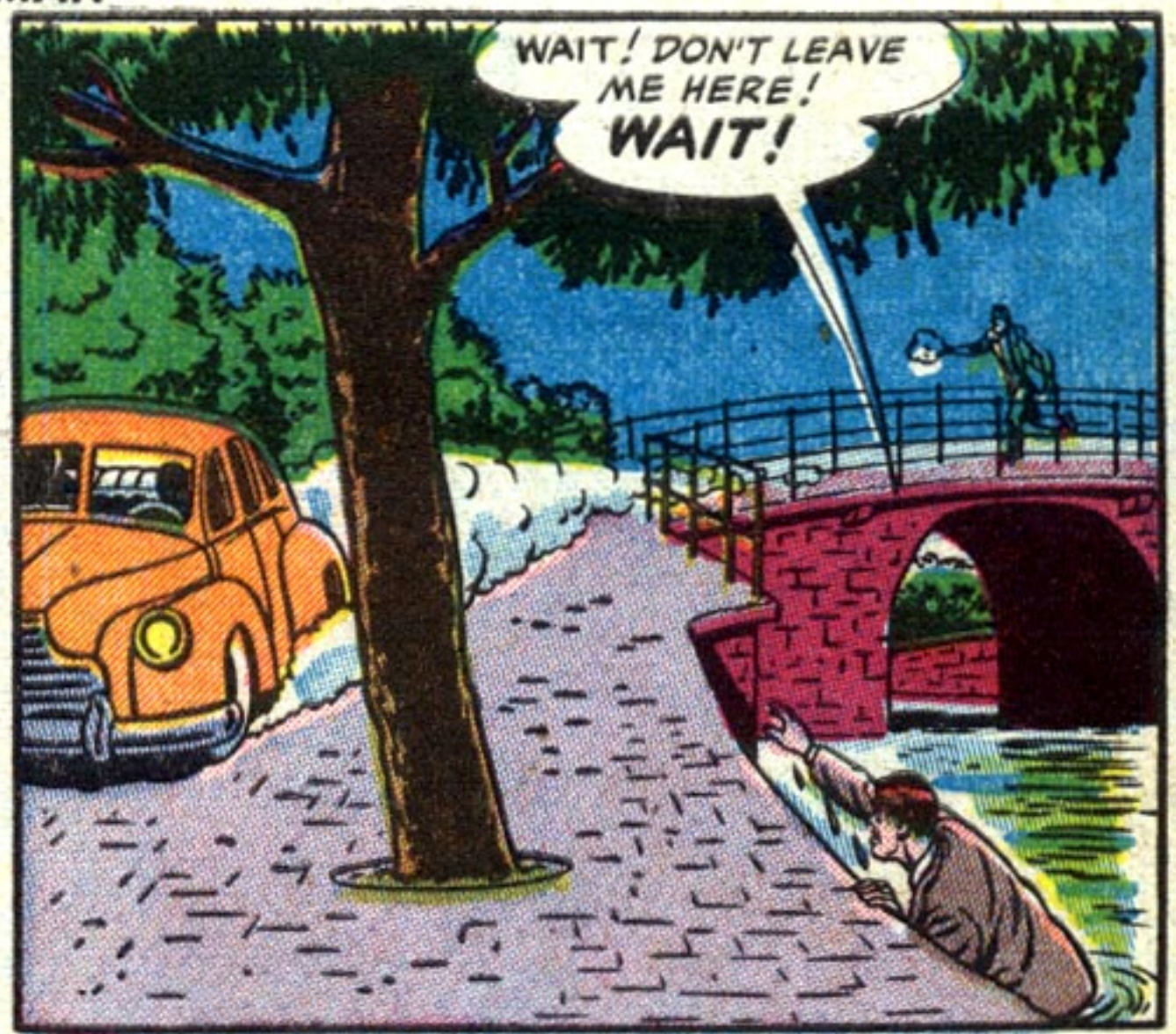
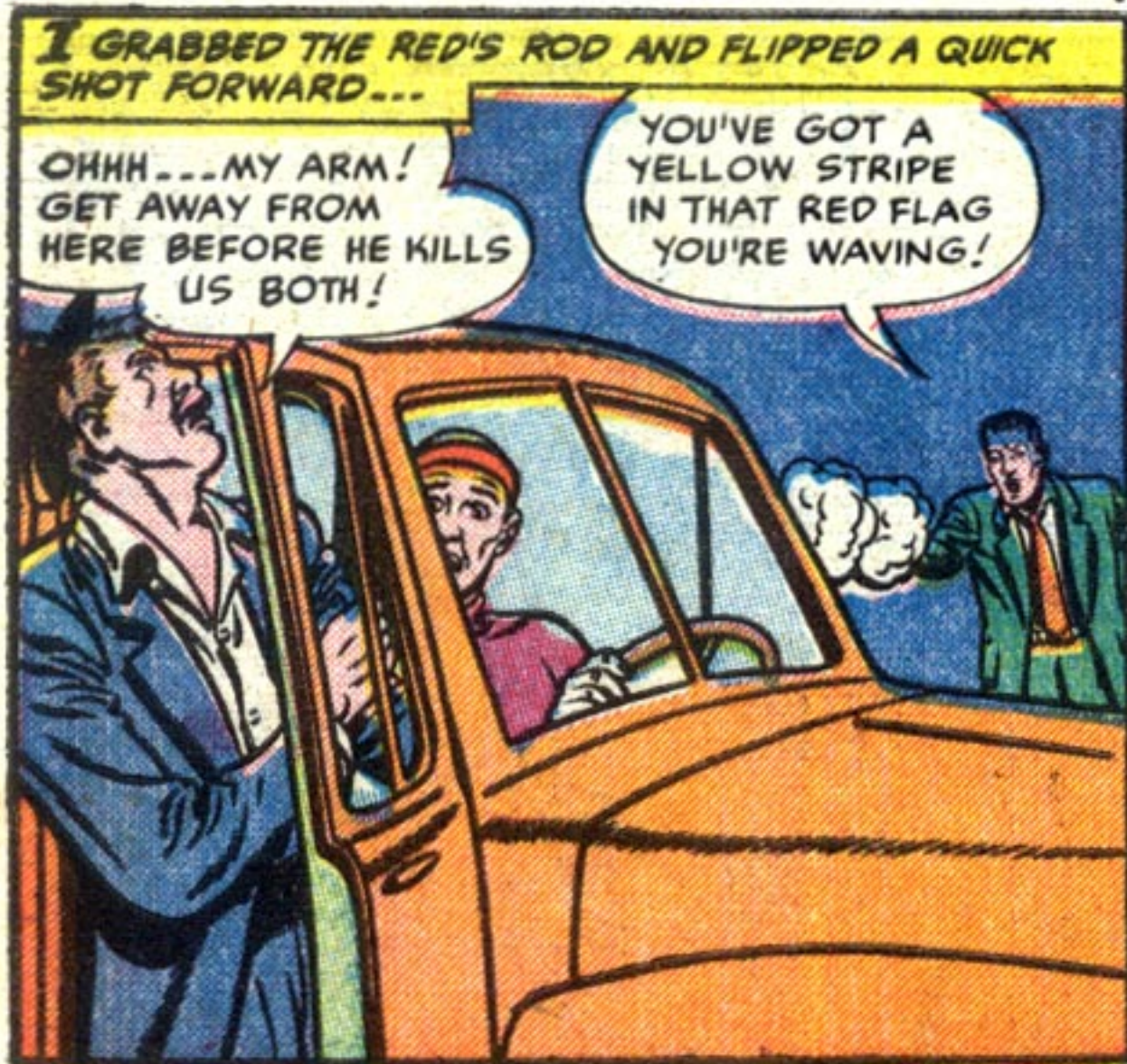


NOW YOU MUST DIE... YIIII!

YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A LESSON IN JUDO...FOR FREE!



YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN YOUR BATHING SUIT!



HILDA COULDN'T SUPPLY THAT ANSWER, AND NEITHER COULD A PHONE DIRECTORY!

THERE IS NO SUCH PLACE LISTED!

NOW WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM --- A DEAD END!

WE KICKED THE PROBLEM AROUND AS WE WALKED, WHEN I CAUGHT THE SILHOUETTE OF A WINDMILL AGAINST THE SKY!

HEY! NOTICE HOW THE WINDMILL BLADES FORM AN "X"! DO YOU SUPPOSE...?

YES! YES! MANY HOLLANDERS GIVE NAMES TO THEIR WINDMILLS! THE DYING MAN TRIED TO TELL US MY BROTHER IS IN A WINDMILL NAMED "THE BLUE COW"!

WE PEDALLED OUT TO THE COUNTRYSIDE AND STARTED QUIZZING DUTCH FARMERS ALONG THE WAY!

CLAUS HEYLIGER OWNS "THE BLUE COW"! IT IS THAT ONE, MYNHEER!

THAT MEANS HEYLIGER IS ONE OF THE COMMIE CROWD!

THIS WAS THE END OF THE ROAD, BUT THE TROUBLE WAS JUST BEGINNING!

A SENTRY!

I CAN'T BUST IN TILL I TAKE CARE OF HIM FIRST! MEANWHILE YOU HEAD FOR A FARMHOUSE AND PHONE THE POLICE!

I WORMED MY WAY TO THE MILL AND BEGAN HAULING MYSELF UP THE BALCONY STRUTS ---

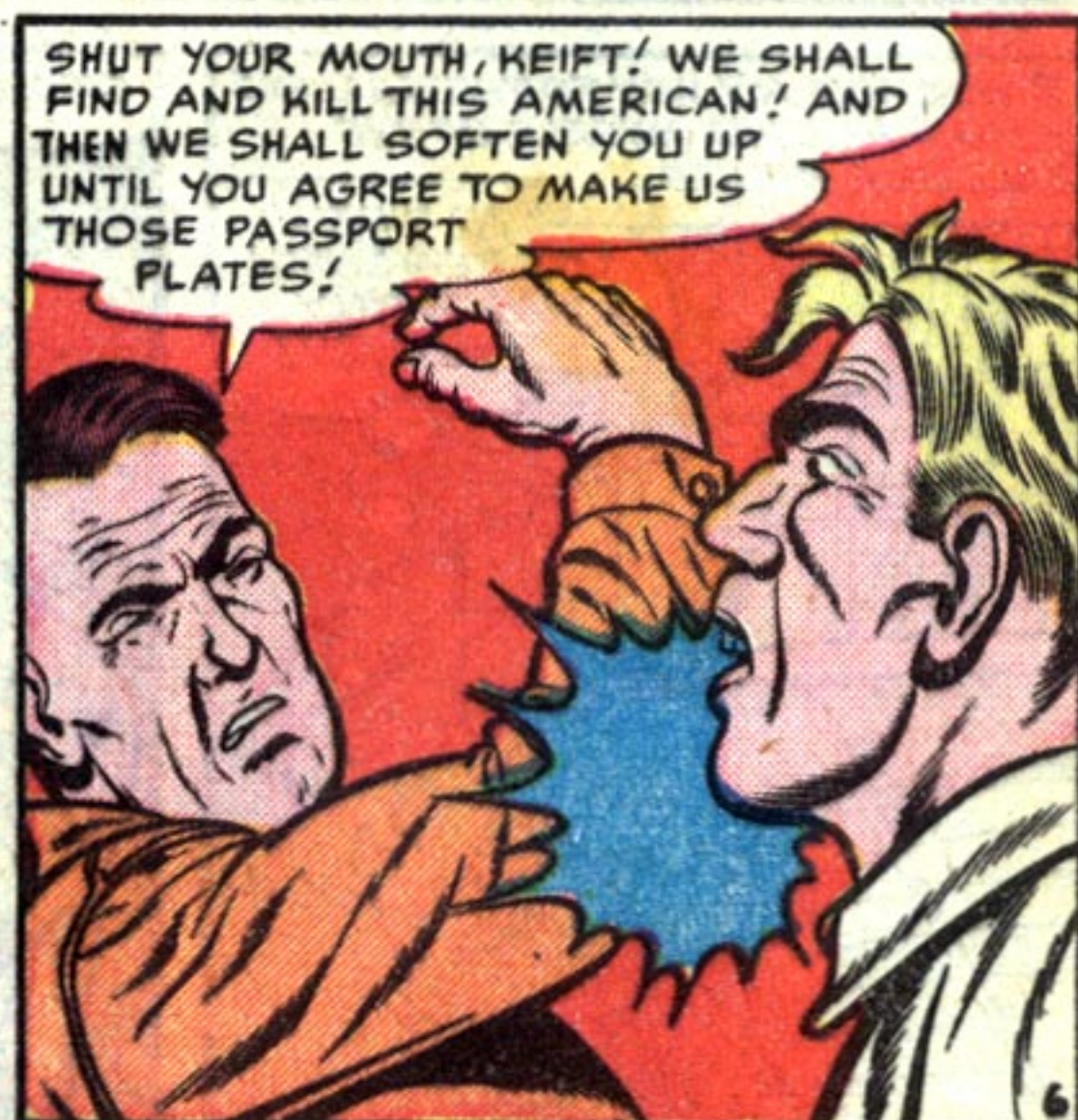
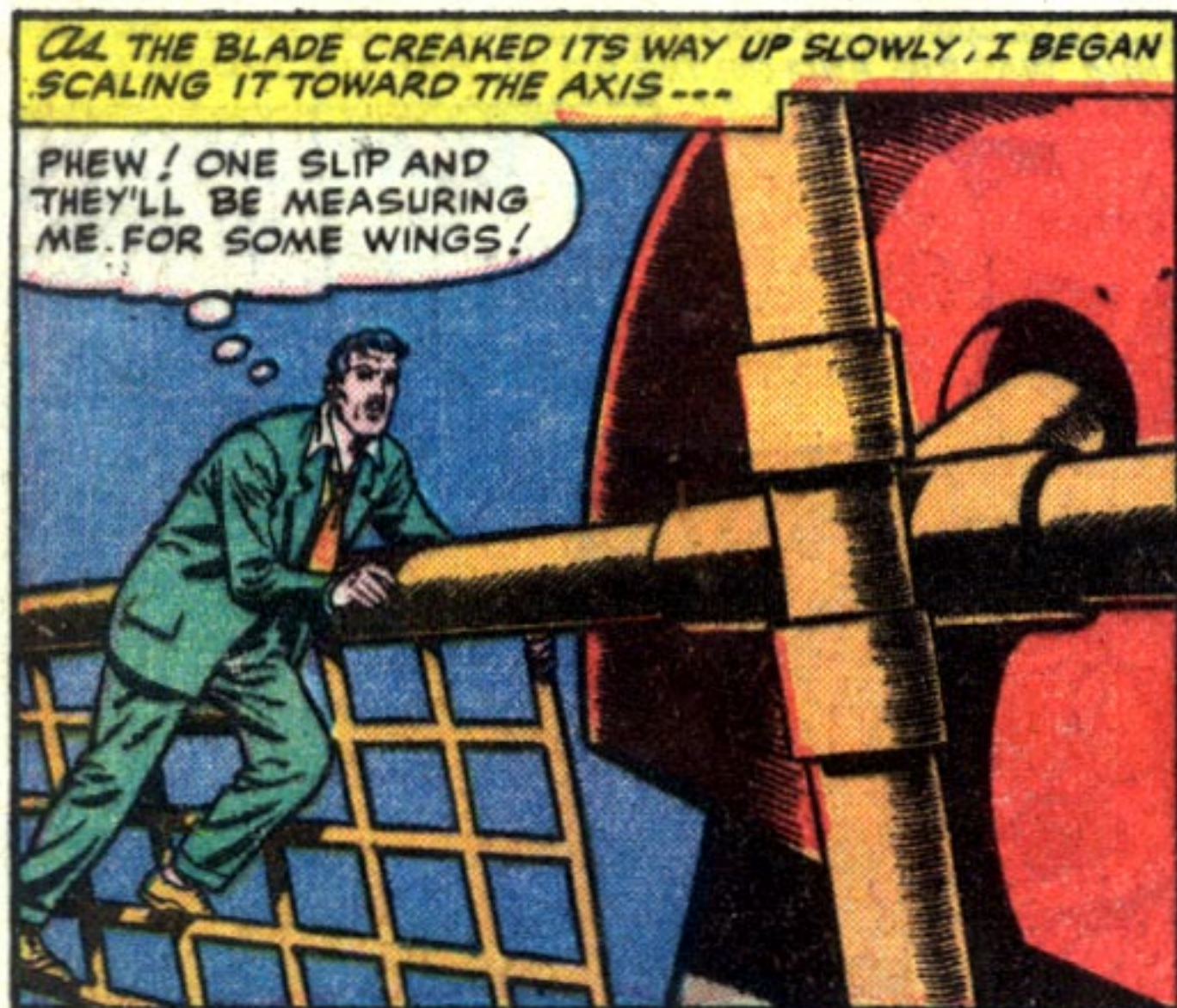
AT TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH I WAS PARTLY MONKEY!

SHHHH!

UHHHH!

WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THERE WAS A SECOND SENTRY WHO WAS ON DUTY AT THE BACK OF THE WINDMILL!

WHAT? HEYLIGER! THE AMERICAN IS HERE!



I FIGURED THIS WAS THE TIME TO COME DOWN AND INTRODUCE MYSELF! AND I DIDN'T BOTHER USING THE STAIRS!



QUIET PLACE YOU'VE GOT AROUND HERE! WHAT DO YOU DO FOR EXCITEMENT?

I HAD HEYLIGER TRAPPED IN HIS OWN WINDMILL, BUT HE MADE A TRY FOR THE BALCONY STEPS...

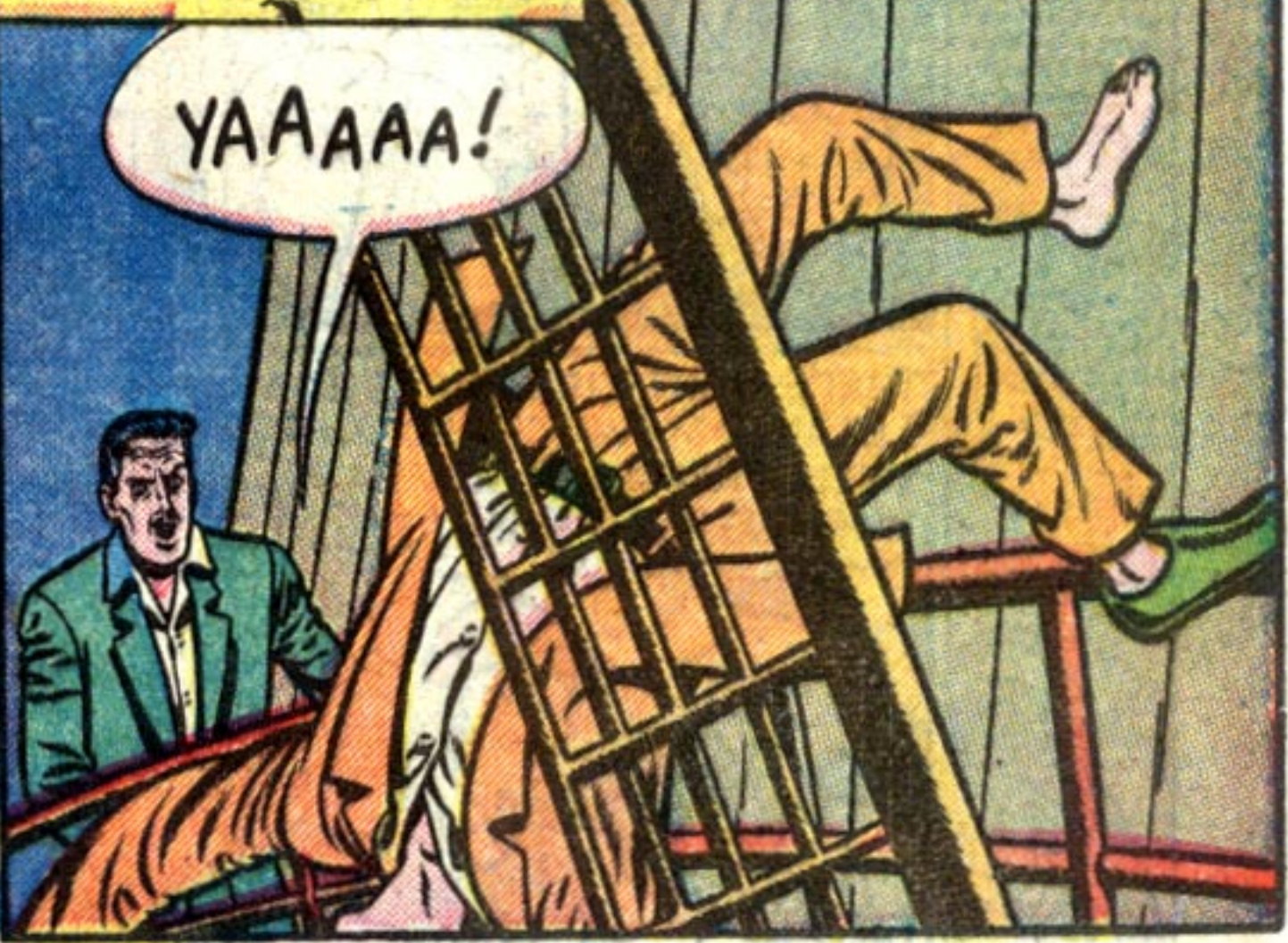
I MUST NOT BE CAPTURED! I MUST LIVE... WORK FOR THE CAUSE!

YOU DROPPED ONE OF YOUR SHOES, CINDERELLA!



LET'S TRY IT FOR SIZE!

HE STAGGERED BACK --- RIGHT INTO THE SLASHING ARC OF A WINDMILL BLADE!



YAAAAA!

LATER, THE COPS CAME UP AND PUT THE CUFFS ON THE OTHER COMMIES! AS FOR DOLPH, HE STOOD TRIAL FOR COUNTERFEITING...

YOU COULD HAVE WORKED FOR THE COMMUNISTS, BUT THOUGH TORTURED, YOU DEFIED THEM! THEREFORE, SENTENCE IS SUSPENDED, AND YOU ARE PAROLED INTO THE CUSTODY OF YOUR SISTER!



Later...

WELL, NOW THAT YOUR WORK IS DONE, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE LEAVING US SOON, PETE!

NOT EXACTLY! I'VE STILL GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS ON HAND!



MISSION COMPLETED!



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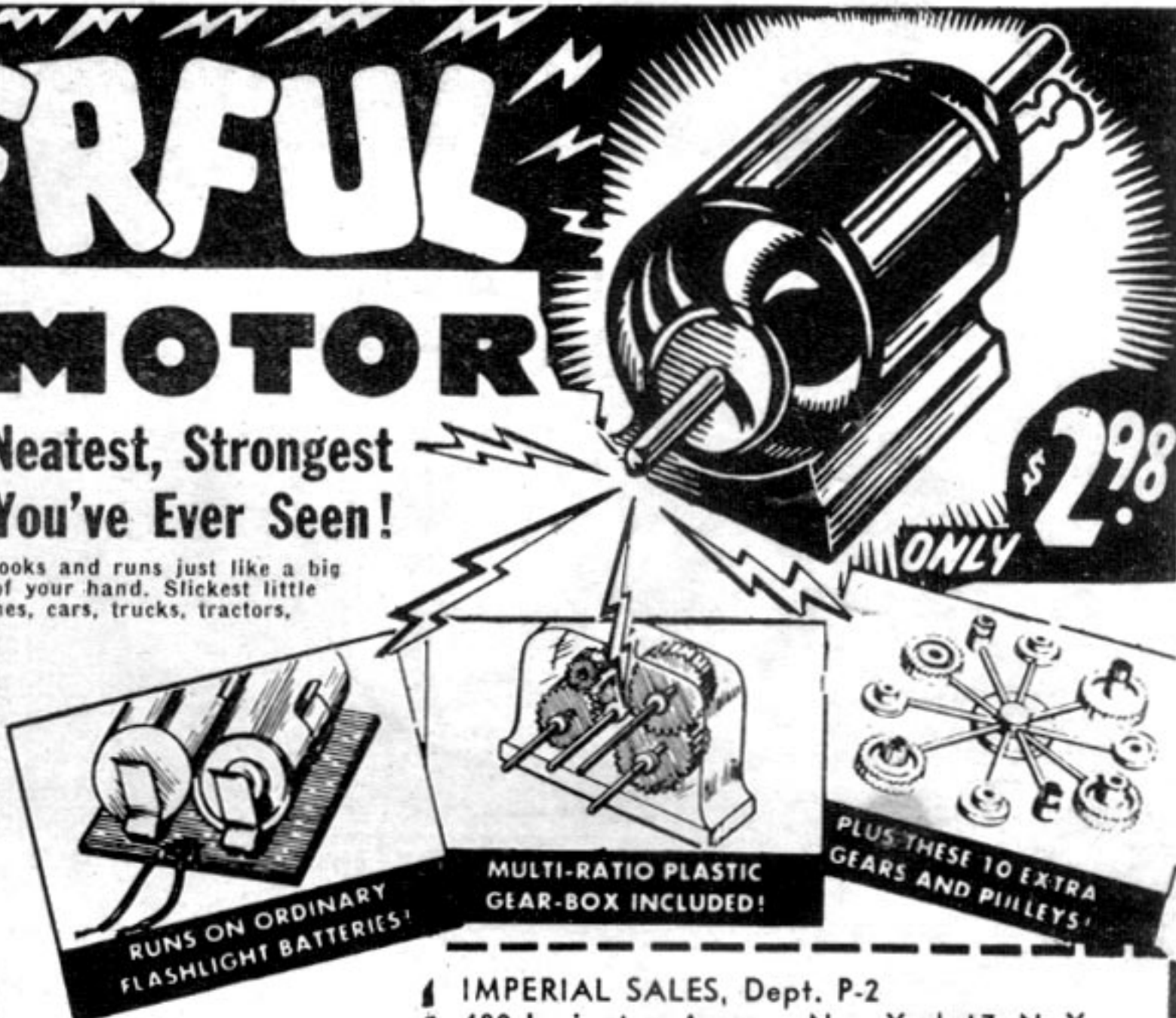
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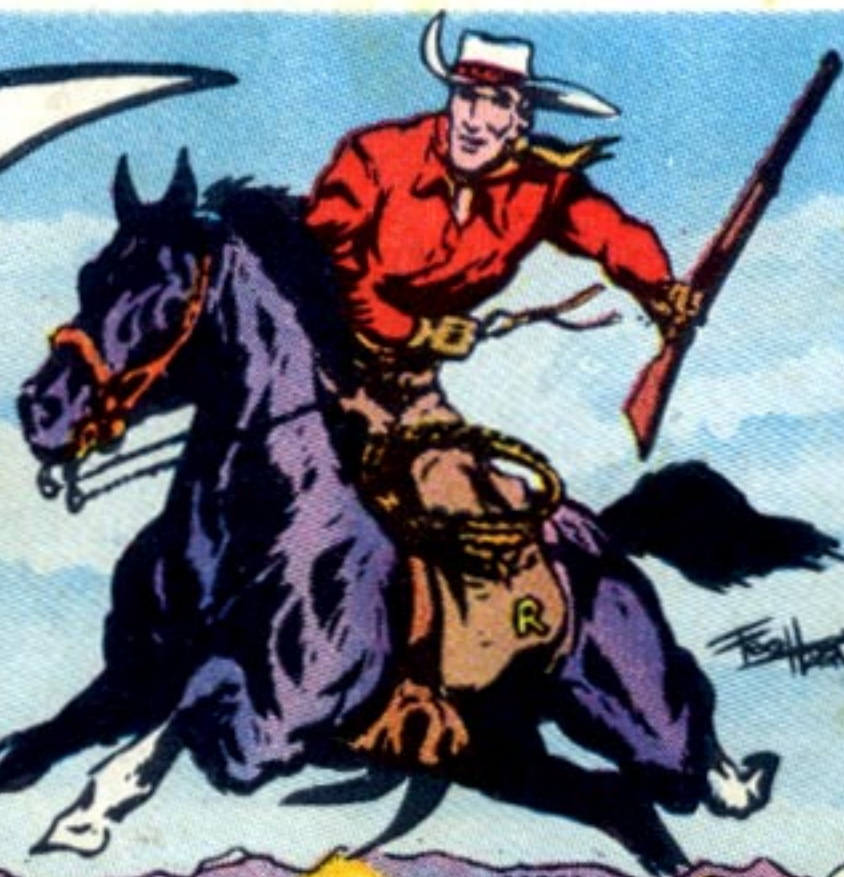
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